POLICE SEARCH FOR "GHOST."

STRANGER WHO ROAMS STREET AFTER DARK.

IS HE AN ESCAPED GERMAN PRISONER?

Mullingar, Saturday.

he members of the police force in Mullin- have been set the unenviable task of avouring to unravel a mystery that has led the entire district. When darkness in many of the inhabitants refuse to go of doors in consequence of stories that been spread concerning a spectral re which roams the streets after dark. here is a wide difference of opinion as to figure that has given rise to the affair. e people state in most emphatic terms the figure is that of an escaped German oner from one of the internment camps, e others are of the opinion that the re is that of a wandering lunatic. Mullingar there is a large section who ere in the supernatural, and they do not ate for a single moment to allude to the erious figure as "The Ghost." The cription given by one of the inhabitants representative of "The Post Sunday ial" was to the effect that the mysteri- stranger is tall and thin, and is dressed grey. He is never seen until darkness fallen upon the town. Then his pale tenance is seen gazing into under-floor dows, and his gaunt form is to be dimly hovering in the gloomiest corners. he police were informed of the mysteri- occurrence, and a number of policemen have the reputation among their com- s of not being troubled by too active ginations, are now engaged in trying to e the mystery that has annoyed the n for some days.

BITING SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

WOMAN SENT TO PRISON AT AIRDRIE.

Airdrie, Saturday.

t a sitting of the Burgh Court to-day— ge Lewis on the bench—a woman named rgie Anderson or Green, from Edinburgh, ded guilty to a charge of causing a dis- ance at the Caledonian Station last t, and assaulting Special Constables lymont and Calder by biting them e they were apprehending her. e woman, who said she had just come of Glasgow Maternity Hospital, and very weak, had been given two glasses ort wine, which went to her head. She d to get away to go to Falkirk, where had a relation, but the Magistrate said seeing she had no fixed abode, he would her ten days to sober her up.

HAMILTON MINERS' STRIKE SETTLED.

Men to Resume Work.

Hamilton, Saturday.

is forenoon a largely-attended meeting he miners employed in the Bent Col- s, Hamilton, was held, when it was ed, practically unanimously, to resume k on Monday morning. nce Thursday the whole of the men in colliery, who number several hundreds, been idle, and it was feared until this ning that the stoppage might be a pro- ed one. e dispute arose over the payment al- d for a brushing contract, it being ed that a new contractor had reduced rate to 11s 6d per day, while formerly it 13s. to-day's meeting it was announced that owners had agreed themselves to be- responsible for the brushers' wages e rate of 13s per shift during the ensu- fortnight. In the interval negotiations d be carried on between the representa- of the men and the masters for a per- ent settlement of the dispute.

RD FORTEVIOT AND THE ARMY.

The Best Nerves and the Best Men.

Perth, Saturday Night.

gala on behalf of the men belonging to Jeanfield district of Perth was held at nfield Recreation Grounds this afternoon. rd Forteviot, in declaring the gala open, they had reached a stage in the war n he believed they were all getting a war-weary, and when it was necessary every individual should be stimulated ntinue in the only course which would victory. The Kaiser had said that the n which had the best nerves would They wanted to show that the British not only the best nerves, but the best They were to have another winter paign. About that he had no doubt, he hoped it would be the last. bouquet presented to Lady Forteviot snowballed, and realised £4 6s.

ATH OF A PROMINENT ARMADALE CITIZEN.

Bathgate, Saturday Night.

ere passed away this afternoon, at the , Armadale, one of the most highly ected men in the burgh, ex-Bailie e Gillon, who was in his 76th year. ceased was a contractor, and at time he carried on a successful hant's business, from which he re- some ten years ago. He was many years precentor in Arma- United Free Church, and super- dent of the Sabbath School. In addi- to being a Town Councillor, he was ome ten years a member of Bathgate School Board.

FOOD CONTROL COMMITTEES.

PUBLIC PROTEST AT EDINBURGH.

VARYING PRICES OF BUTCHER MEAT.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

For the purpose of protesting against the composition of the Edinburgh Food Control Committee, a public meeting was held to-night at the Mound, Edinburgh.

Mr A. Eunson, who presided, said the committee as at present constituted had not the confidence of the public. They demanded a fair representation of the working classes, who just now had only two representatives out of the twelve.

A resolution was carried unanimously demanding that at least 50 per cent. of the committee should be working class representatives, and called for the immediate reconstruction of the committee.

It was agreed to send a copy of the resolution to Lord Rhondda, and a committee was appointed to approach the Lord Provost's Committee and the Town Council on the matter.

GLASGOW BUTCHERS AND PRICES.

Still Waiting on Instructions.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The fixing of the retail prices of meat has not had the effect, as not a few imagined it would have, of causing the price to consumers to tumble down several pence per pound. A large number of butchers, indeed, have not yet displayed the price lists which were to indicate to the citizen the prices at which he or she could purchase the particular meat desired.

"Very few butchers have made any difference," one large retailer told a "Post Sunday Special" representative to-night. "They are waiting on the instructions of the local Food Control Committee, who are charged with the arranging of a scale of prices to be observed. So far, they appear to have done nothing in that direction, and as we hold it is their duty to do so, we are adopting a wait-and-see policy. We might agree upon prices, for instance, but these might promptly be knocked on the head by the Food Control Committee, who might consider the prices too high or too low. As a matter of fact, nothing has occurred to admit of any alteration in prices, as the wholesale prices are very high, and do not admit of much, if any, reduction in price."

AIRDRIE BUTCHERS' PRICES.

Lowest Yet Published.

Airdrie, Saturday.

The Airdrie Butchers' Association have furnished the Local Food Control Committee with a list of their prices, which shows they are below any of those already published.

Here are a few quotations:—Fillet steak, 2s 2d per lb.; pope's eye steak, 2s; roast steak, 1s 10d; rump steak, 1s 8d; shoulder steak, 1s 6d; stewing steak, 1s 5d; hough beef, 1s to 1s 4d; boneless beef, 1s 5d; mince, 1s 3d; sliced sausages, 1s to 1s 2d; small sausages, 1s 2d; pie meat, 1s 2d; gigot and loin chops, 1s 10d; stewing chops, 1s 6d; flank mutton, 1s 4d; fore shanks, 1s; roast beef, 1s 6d and 1s 7d; gigot of mutton, 1s 6d; kidneys, 1s 6d; pork and beef ham, 1s 8d—all per lb.

CARRYING RPOFITEERING TO EXCESS.

Bo'ness Flesher and the Farmers.

Bonees, Saturday.

There is confusion at Bo'ness in regard to the revised prices of butcher meat, and this is attributed to the widely-divergent prices for the different qualities of live cattle purchased by the various business men to send their customers.

Interviewed on the subject, a flesher in business said the man who sold the inferior quality of butcher meat stood to win all the time under the controlled prices. He might buy a cow and realise its price out of the hide alone, and the rest was solid profit, not at 6d per pound as formerly, but at the enhanced price of 1s. The butchers, on the other hand, who only dealt in prime stock, were up against the farmer who was deliberately withholding cattle from the market.

The farmers, the butchers assert, are carrying profiteering to excess, and the only cure was for the Controller to seize their stock, even if he had to put butchers on the farm to attend to the feeding.

HOIST ACCIDENT AT ABERDEEN.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

A somewhat unusual accident occurred to-day in the establishment of Messrs Marshall & Co., provision curers, South Esplanade East, Aberdeen.

Robert Scott (63), labourer, 48 Skene Street, had loaded a four-wheel barrow with iron trays on the first floor.

He failed to observe that the lift was down, with the result that the barrow was precipitated into the recess, carrying Scott with it.

When picked up the unfortunate man was found to be suffering from a cut on the top of the head, and complained of pains in the back.

He was removed to the Royal Infirmary and detained for treatment.

A WANDERING DUTCHMAN.

JOURNEYINGS FROM GRETNA TO ABERDEEN.

THE EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

Airdrie, Saturday.

A man named Gerardine Beekman, an alien of Dutch nationality, was brought before Hon. Sheriff Motherwell, charged under the Aliens' Restriction Act with failing to report his change of residence to the police.

He pleaded guilty, and the Fiscal stated that he had been wandering all over this country, from Gretna to Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Stirlingshire, and Caldercruix, and had omitted in each place he came to to inform the police.

Accused stated that he had a son in the British Army, who had been wounded, and he had gone to visit him in the hospital at Aberdeen. He had forgotten about the necessity for registering his new address. He was now staying at Caldercruix.

The Sheriff said it was a serious offence, as a rule, for an alien to neglect registration, but he considered accused had an extenuating circumstance in his favour in the fact that his son was fighting in the British Army, and he himself was loyal to this country. He modified the penalty to a fine of 10s, or seven days.

To Our Readers.

THE first intimate record yet published of the exploits of our airmen on the Western Front will commence in "The Post Sunday Special" on Sunday First.

Entitled "Tam o' the Scouts," it comes from the pen of Mr Edgar Wallace, the famous novelist and war correspondent, author of "The Jocks at the Front," which our readers will recall with infinite pleasure.

Mr Wallace has had exceptional opportunities of studying the life of our airmen, and not only does he recount the remarkable exploits of "Tam o' the Scouts"—Tam is a well-known Glasgow Pilot—but he gives a most vivid idea of the gallant deeds of the aviators who are daily "strafing" the Hun lines.

Do not miss the opening of this unique and exclusive series in "The Post Sunday Special" on Sunday First.

ST ANDREWS PROFESSOR RETIRES.

Professor W. C. M'Intosh has resigned the Chair of Natural History in St Andrews University after a connection with the University, as student, alumnus, and professor, extending over a period of sixty-four years.

On retiring, Professor M'Intosh leaves to the university all his scientific library and all his special apparatus utilised in the study of natural history.

PLUCKY GLASGOW CONSTABLE.

Constable Reid, of the Western Division, Glasgow Police, who at great personal risk stopped a runaway horse in Sauchiehall Street at one of the busiest hours of the day. Several citizens who witnessed the brave act have reported the meritorious deed of the constable to the proper authorities as one deserving of public and proper recognition.

NINE-YEAR-OLD BURGLAR

STEALS MONEY AND JEWELLERY.

KEY THAT OPENED TWO DOORS.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Recently Edinburgh police have had to deal with an unusual number of juvenile offenders, including several housebreakers. In one case a few days ago two boys, both under eight years of age, broke into a house at Heriothill Railway Station, and the manner in which they did so, say the police, would have done credit to an experienced burglar.

To-day a nine-year-old boy appeared at Edinburgh Sheriff Court, and pleaded guilty to breaking into a house at Dock Street, Leith, and stealing £2 11s 4½d in money, also other articles, including a gold bangle, a gold finger-ring, and a watch.

It was stated that the boy had ascertained that the key of his own house would open the one he entered. His mother said that he had been soundly thrashed for the offence, and on the accused promising to behave better in the future, Sheriff Orr dismissed him with an admonition. All the money was recovered.

THE DOLLAN CASE.

HOME OFFICE AND FURTHER ACTION.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The authorities have taken further steps with regard to Councillor P. J. Dollan, of Glasgow Town Council, who was released from prison temporarily on August 29, and a statement has been issued by the Home Office to the effect that his case is now receiving 'due consideration."

The Govan Labour Representation Committee have petitioned the Government for an "unconditional release," it being their contention that the arrest and imprisonment of Dollan constituted the disfranchisement of Govan Labourists in municipal politics. Over 5000 citizens have postcarded the Premier on Dollan's behalf, while 250 Trade Union branches in various parts of Scotland have passed resolutions protesting against his alleged "deportation" from Glasgow.

A petition requesting his release has during the past week been signed by several thousand munition workers. Dollan is still at liberty, and his friends are confident that he will be allowed to resume his Labour and Municipal duties at an early date.

DUMBARTON FLOWER SHOW.

Sir Archibald Denny on the War Gardens.

Dumbarton, Saturday.

Miss Jackson, Dunmore, opened Dumbarton's Flower Show in the Burgh Halls there to-day, when there was a very pretty display, featurised by a gift stall, at which sales were made for the war relief funds.

Sir Archd. Denny, who presided at the formal opening, said the Social Union garden plots in Dumbarton set the pace, and when the war came the gardens rose from being a pleasure and became a necessity. He felt pretty confident that after the war, which they hoped would be soon, the people would keep their plots, and would derive not only profit, but an immense amount of pleasure from them. (Applause.)

The principal prize-winners (plot-holders) were: — Collection of vegetables—James M'Lachlan, Eskdale, Stirling Road. Collection of vegetables (amateur)—James Millar, 5 Burnside Place. Six vases sweet peas—James Smith, Newbigging, Drumchapel (also special prize). Hand bouquet of flowers—John M'Ewan, Levenford Place, Dumbarton. Bouquet of sweet peas—John M'Ewan. Bank of cut flowers (amateur)—Peter Wallace, 9 Meadowbank Street. Bank of cut flowers (open to all)—Peter Wallace.

A NEWFOUNDLANDER'S ADVENTURE.

Dundee, Saturday.

The question of what a man can carry in the whisky line was attempted to be solved at a Justice of the Peace Court in Dundee to-day.

The case was one of alleged contravention of certificate preferred against Mrs Janet Morrison Anderson or Hendry, hotelkeeper, Bruce's Hotel. After a long proof the charge was found not proven by a majority.

The charge hinged upon an incident on Saturday, 28th July, in connection with the entry into Bruce's Hotel bar of a Newfoundland private soldier named Robert Cecil Grieve.

Grieve was wounded in the head at Gallipoli and in the leg in France, and, due to suffering from concussion earlier in life, his speech had been somewhat affected, while his wounds have made a difference to his walking.

Grieve stated that he had two pints of beer at the camp that afternoon. He visited Carnoustie in the afternoon, and had a few whiskies, but he could not remember how many. He had still 22s left out of 30s, and, inasmuch as he had given 2s to another soldier, he could not have spent more than 4s 9d on liquor. The calculation made in Court was that this would purchase about four or five glasses, and, on Grieve being asked if he could carry that quantity without staggering, he replied, "Yes, sir."

SCHOOLMISTRESS FOR FORTY-FOUR YEARS.

Coatbridge, Saturday.

The death has just taken place of Miss Johnston at Lochview Terrace, Coatbridge. Deceased, who was the youngest daughter of the late Mr Alex. Johnston, Woodside, Gartsherrie, was forty-four years headmistress of Gartsherrie Academy, and served under three headmasters.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Vale of Leven scavengers have now been on strike for over a month, and they are still out.

Mr R. Fleming Neil, St Rollox, Glasgow, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of Renton Parish Church.

Mr P. J. Mackie is entertaining at Glenrensdell House, near Tarbert, a large number of wounded New Zealand officers.

Private Roy Paterson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, a native of Helensburgh, has been accidentally killed in France.

Falkirk Food Control Committee has appointed a sub-committee to confer with the butchers in reference to meat price lists.

The Food Control Committee for the burgh of Hamilton have appointed Councillor Frank Cassells as Executive Officer.

The shipyards in Port-Glasgow closed for the Autumn holiday, and will re-open on Tuesday. Many of the workers left for Ireland.

Sergeant James Morrison, Black Watch, 27 Main Street, Bainsford, Falkirk, has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

While a plater named Thomas Green (24) was walking through the close at 35 White Street, Govan, he stumbled and fell, fracturing his left leg.

Private Peter Haig, Cameron Highlanders, son of Mr and Mrs Peter Haig, The Clachan, Rosneath, has been awarded the Military Medal.

In connection with Atlas Steel Works, Armadale, a works canteen was opened yesterday by Mrs James Wood, of Wallhouse. This is the first canteen to be opened in the district.

An alarming outbreak of fire occurred yesterday afternoon at Dumbain Farm, Balloch, tenanted by Mr Thomas Watson. Several tons of hay and straw were destroyed.

Lieutenant Charles W. Hewer, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who belongs to Helensburgh, has been reported missing, but his officer has good hopes that he is a prisoner.

Ex-Bailie William Martin, Glasgow, has received notification that his youngest son, Second-Lieutenant Arthur Martin, is in hospital suffering from a severe gunshot wound in the back.

Sergeant James D. M'Innes, Australian Imperial Forces, son of Mr and Mrs D. M'Innes, 6 John Stret, Hamilton, has been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry on 31st July.

A little boy named Grey, aged nine years, who resided with his parents in Townhead, Kirkintilloch, met his death on the railway line just a few yards from his home, being run down by a passing train.

The sale of surplus gifts at Aberdeen Fish Market in aid of Aberdeen Red Cross week yesterday realised £535, which added to the receipts from the previous sale gives a grand total to date of £1954.

The Lord of the Isles, the only all-the-way steamer from Glasgow to Dunoon and Lochgoilhead, made her last run for the season yesterday. Consequent on the deluge of rain the passengers were meagre.

Mr Wm. Hunter, J.P., an ex-chairman, has intimated his intention to retire from Rothesay School Board. A deputation was appointed to interview Mr Hunter, with a view to inducing him to reconsider his decision.

A concert in Musselburgh Town Hall last night by the Royal Scots Depot Pierrot Troupe realised over £16 of profit on behalf of the Royal Scots Prisoners of War Fund.

Montrose mill and factory workers, at a meeting held yesterday afternoon, formed a branch of the Workers' Union, with Mr William M'Farlane as president, and Mr Crawford H. Thomson as secretary and treasurer.

A notable instance of family patriotism is afforded by the case of Private Robert Buntain, Inveraray, A. and S.H., whose four sons are also in the army. One of them crossed the U.S. border to enlist in a Canadian battalion.

On completing 70 years' service at Chapel Works, Montrose, Mr Andrew Deuchars, flax inspector, has been presented by the firm (Messrs J. & G. Paton) with a silver shield, in recognition of his continuous and valuable services.

The annual Missionary Conference under the auspices of the Vale of Leven and Renton Churches was held yesterday afternoon. Mr Alex. Wylie of Cordale presided, and addresses were given by several men from the foreign field.

Lieutenant J. Guthrie Gibson, Cameron Highlanders, who was reported missing on 1st August, is a prisoner of war in Germany. Lieutenant Gibson, whose younger brother was killed in October last, is the son of Mrs Gibson, Linfield, Broughty Ferry.

Mr John T. Mein, Cadzow Street, Hamilton, is the honorary treasurer of a movement which has been started to suitably recognise the ministry of the Rev. Dr Thompson, Hamilton, who is retiring from the pastorate of the First Charge of Hamilton Parish Church.

Stirlingshire Insurance Committee having made representation in favour of the exemption from military service of Dr John Pearson, Bonnybridge, the Scottish Medical Service Emergency Committee have now decided to grant exemption.

Lance-Corporal Arthur William Stone, Canadians, who has been killed in action, was the only son of Mrs Stone, 50 High Street, Montrose. He had been twice previously wounded. Before going to Canada, 14 years ago, he was employed as clerk with Messrs Robert Taylor & Sons, Montrose.

THE LIFE STORY OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY

Told by Herself and Related by WILLIAM LE QUEUX

The Ex-Crown Princess' Italian maid, who helped her out of many difficulties, especially when efforts were being made to kidnap Monica.

The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony tells of the fate of a Marquis who sought her hand in vain, and goes on to relate the story of her secret marriage in London, and then of her experiences in Brussels when Belgium was invaded by the Germans, concluding with her flight to a neutral country.

THE attempt to take little Monica from me by force was followed by a dastardly press campaign directed against me by the Woolf Bureau in Berlin at the actual orders of the Kaiser himself.

I had given up the villa at San Domenico as being too far from Florence, and besides it had bitter memories for me. Therefore with two lady friends, my child, and her Italian nurse, I went to France for a short time, and on my return took another villa on the Viale dei Colli, close to Mr Le Queux's, and with a friend the Baroness von Függer, of Vienna, I lived for some time very happily.

Soon, however, my arch-enemy, von Metzsch, made another attempt to ruin my position. I had got rid of Fraulein Muth, but I was not allowed to live long in peace.

I had insisted upon my faithful nurse from Dresden returning to me, but this did not suit the conspirators, therefore an edict was issued that Monica should be educated as a Roman Catholic, and in consequence there was sent to me a Jewish convert named Frau Ida Kremer. I found her to be an ugly hunchbacked woman of evil temper and equally evil mind. Here again Mr Le Queux and his police friend the Chevalier Frosali kept watch, and within a few days obtained proof that yet another spy had been sent into my household. Indeed, by the methods she pursued it was at once apparent that she was one of those emissaries of the Argus Institute of Berlin, who are so carefully trained in espionage work. The career of this traitor was but a short-lived one. I laid a formal complaint before Signor Frosali, and he promptly ordered her out of Florence.

A MARQUIS PROPOSES TO ME.

Soon after that I was dealt a tragic blow, one from which I have not even to-day recovered.

The Marquis B—— was one of my small circle of friends, and also an intimate friend of Mr Le Queux. The Marquis was a tall, extremely good-looking and polished young man of the higher nobility, the last of one greatest and most historic families in Italy. I had been introduced to him by Mr Le Queux, and I found him deeply interested in art and music. We often rode together at early morning in the Cascine Wood, and I found in him a kindred spirit and a man of great charm. Soon the little gossiping world of Florence, so eager always to scent scandal where none exists, began to whisper, smile, and couple our names. The Marquis knew that. Besides, Mr Le Queux told me what ill-natured people were saying.

With the Baroness von Függer and myself the Marquis frequently dined, either at my own house or at Mr Le Queux's, while my dear friend, Miss Helen Zimmern, was often one of the party. After a six months' acquaintance the Marquis begged me to marry him. I took a week to consider, and though my life was absolutely dull, and I was being maligned by everyone, I still hoped that my husband would arrange for my return. I knew, alas! the evil influence which von Metzsch held over him, but I felt confident that ere long Frederick-August would view the fellow in his own colours as a spy and a traitor to Saxony and her King.

The Marquis called to hear my decision. When I told him that I still loved my husband, and that the Vatican had not dissolved my marriage, his face fell. He was pale and silent.

At last one summer's night he called upon me after dinner, and we sat together on the verandah in the bright Italian moonlight until nearly midnight. He held my hand, kissed it, and strenuously endeavoured to persuade me to consent. Yet I steadily refused, urging him to wait.

"I cannot wait!" he declared. "I love you! If you will not marry me I will kill myself!"

Before he left he bowed over my hand courteously, and kissing it whispered in his soft Italian:—

"Goodbye, my loved one! We shall never meet again. But remember me—remember one who loves you better than his own life."

"Good night!" I said, laughing. "We shall meet to-morrow."

Then he passed out, and I closed and bolted the heavy gate behind him.

STARTLING NEWS FOR ME.

From what I afterwards learnt he turned the corner and called upon Mr Le Queux, who happened to be still writing in his study. When he entered the author noticed his pale face and strange manner.

"Hullo!" he asked. "What's the matter?"

"I'm not well," replied the Marquis in English.

Mr Le Queux poured him out some brandy from the tantalus which Michele, his man, had placed there, and his visitor tossed it off neat, saying abruptly—

"I'm going away to-morrow."

The author, thinking he meant that he was rejoining his regiment, the King's Guard, in Rome, cheerfully wished him a merry time.

Suddenly the Marquis exclaimed—"Look here, do you think Louisa is in love with anyone?"

"No, I don't," was the reply. "She still loves her husband. Why?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," was the Marquis' answer. And then, having swallowed a second glass of brandy, which was most unusual, for, like most Italians, he scarcely ever touched spirits, he shook his friend's hand warmly and left.

Next morning at nine o'clock Mr Le Queux rang me up on the telephone, telling me to prepare myself for tragic news. Poor Marquis B—— had gone home to his great prison-like palace on the other side of Florence, a huge place full of priceless pictures and magnificent tapestries, and shot himself!

A vision of his pale countenance haunts me even now as I dictate the true facts of that terrible tragedy.

How it unnerved me! I hated Florence, and felt that I must get away to new surroundings. Therefore, accompanied by Mr Le Queux, who had motored much in France and Italy, and also by the Baroness von Függer, I went on an extended motor tour, which took us first by way of Siena to Rome, then back by that long, dreary road through the Maremma Marshes to Leghorn. Leaving Leghorn, we went by the old searoad which runs ever by the blue Mediterranean away to Rapallo, Genoa, San Remo, Bordighera, Mentone, and Monte Carlo to Beaulieu, close to Nice, I always preserving my incognita under the name of the "Countess de la Rose."

We remained at the Bristol at Beaulieu for a fortnight, when one day, on opening the Paris Matin, I read to my amazement that I was engaged to be married to my friend Mr Le Queux!

He was equally astounded, and lost no time in telegraphing to the London press asking them not to repeat the canard, which was, of course, one of the lies emanating from Berlin. Mr Le Queux is regarded with deadly hatred in Germany on account of the revelations he has made regarding Germany's ruler and his methods, while his association with myself was also regarded as one of his worst offences.

From the Riviera we extended our tour through Savoy and visited the old historic chateaux of Touraine, and thence, after two months of absence, returned once again to Florence, or the Lily City, as the dear, careless Florentines delight to call it.

I PART WITH MONICA.

At last, in the autumn of 1906, came a bright rift in the cloud of my unhappiness.

I was allowed to travel to Munich, and at the house of the Saxon Ambassador there to have an interview of an hour and a half with my darling boys. My mother went with me, and it was impressed upon me that I must say nothing as to my circumstances, where I was living, or of my unhappiness.

Again I returned to Florence and to my dull, secluded life, lightened only by visits from my small circle of friends, and with those ever-recurring thoughts of the man who so dearly loved me—Mr Le Queux's friend the Marquis.

Time went on. At intervals my husband the King pressed me to allow Monica to go to Dresden and be brought up as a Saxon Princess. But she was all I had, and I clung to her. She was the only bright spot in my dull, colourless life. She was a sweet, golden-haired child, with most bright and winning ways. It was, however, pointed out that my love was selfish, and even some of my friends hinted that I should not deprive my child of the advantages of her birthright by insisting that she should share my self-effacement.

After much consideration and many sleepless nights I decided to put aside my maternal love for the time being and fall in with my husband's suggestion. Further, it seemed to me that it would be far better for Monica to go to Saxony while she was still a tiny girl. It could not then be said that I had kept her till she was old enough to prejudice her against her relations. So at last I consented, and the child was taken to Dresden, where I hope her life as a Princess will be happier than that of her lonely mother.

I believed very naturally that I should be allowed to see my children from time to time, but, alas! such was not the case. As soon as my enemies had got hold of Monica I was refused all sight of the children, and have not since been allowed to see them.

The Imperial Kaiser, my arch-enemy, had succeeded! He decreed that I should never become Queen of Saxony, and my husband knew, alas! that to attempt to thwart his plans would only bring disaster upon himself.

MY SECRET MARRIAGE.

With Monica gone my life became more and more unhappy. I travelled a good deal in Italy and France, but my enemies still persecuted me. I felt that I must seek the protection of a husband, and for that reason I married Signor Enrico Toselli, a Florentine composer of music.

My marriage, a romantic and secret one, took place in London. The circumstances I will here relate for the first time. When Signor Toselli and I agreed to marry we decided that it should be in secret, and, further, we knew that there is no place in Europe where one can keep a secret better than in your British capital. So to London we went, and I at once sought Mr Le Queux, who then lived at the Hotel Cecil. He was away with Mr Harry de Windt in Lapland, but was expected home.

At last he returned, whereupon I sent him a letter asking him to call upon me at my hotel off the Strand, and to inquire for Madame Dubois. He arrived an hour later, and opened his eyes widely when he found me in London. We sat together for some time, whereupon I told him of my intention to marry.

He sat astounded. Then he queried the advisability of such a step, until I at last rose, opened the door, and introduced him to my future husband.

Presently when a little later on I was again alone with Mr Le Queux I begged of him to arrange the details for me, so that we might be married in secret. Next day application was made for a license, and two days later we went in the morning to the registrar's office in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, where in the presence of Mr Le Queux and a solicitor as witnesses I became the wife of Signor Toselli.

After the wedding luncheon we passed out by the back door of the hotel and walked along the Embankment, fondly believing that nobody knew of the happy event. But already the sleuthhounds of the London press had scented news of it from the registrar's office, the register had been inspected, and a copy of the register obtained. While walking along a press photographer took a snapshot of Signor Toselli, Mr Le Queux, and myself, which was the first inkling we had that our secret was out.

We decided to enter the Hotel Cecil by the back way, and Mr Le Queux conducted my husband and myself up to his rooms, urging us to admit no one. Then he descended to the front hall to deal diplomatically with an assemblage of thirty or forty representatives of various newspapers clamouring for news. It was not every day that an Imperial Princess was married in secret at a London registry office.

THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY WITH SIGNOR TOSELLI, PHOTOGRAPHED JUST AFTER THEIR SECRET WEDDING.

Because I had endeavoured to keep the whole thing quiet Mr Le Queux was extremely discreet. He admitted to the reporters that I had been married, a fact they already knew from the certificate which one enterprising journalist had demanded and paid for. Of details Mr Le Queux gave none. Though a writer himself, he was full of regrets that he could not oblige his friends, yet, as he pointed out, he was compelled to respect my wishes.

Meanwhile an amusing incident had occurred upstairs. Signor Toselli was seated writing a letter while I stood at the window, when of a sudden a man burst into the room unannounced and faced us with surprise upon his face. We, of course, believed him to be a reporter who had eluded the vigilance of those below, therefore my husband promptly and with few words took hold of him and bundled him out of the room.

A few minutes later Mr Le Queux returned, accompanied by the man whom Signor Toselli had so unceremoniously ejected, and introduced him. He was Mr Le Queux's brother, who, of course, knowing nothing of the circumstances, had been astounded to find strangers occupying his brother's quarters!

Truly, that day was fraught with much excitement. We dare not go forth from the hotel, for the journalists were still watchful. They had been informed in confidence that we were to leave Victoria Station that night for Paris. Instead of doing so, however, Mr Le Queux and myself drove in one cab, with my husband and Mr Le Queux's brother in another, to Charing Cross Station, and were able to leave unobserved, while the journalists were awaiting us at Victoria!

The night journey between London and Paris is never a very pleasant one. On that night it was rough and rainy at sea, and when at last we arrived in Paris we found that news of our coming had already been telegraphed, and on the platform stood a crowd of the representatives of the French press. Of these we ran the gauntlet, and sought shelter in a hotel near the Gare du Nord until such time we could leave for Italy.

MY ENEMIES STILL PURSUING ME.

My enemies still pursued me, even after my marriage. They were determined that I should not be allowed to live in peace with my husband. The Berlin press was full of libels concerning me, of descriptions of vulgar brawls with Signor Toselli, and of statements that he was a drunken coward, who knocked me down and kicked me, all of which were tissues of lies invented to further disgrace me in the eyes of the public. In addition, my parents were, of course, furious that I should have married a man who boasted no pride of ancestry and possessed no worldly wealth. Further, my parents, as strict Catholics, were horrified that I should have taken such a step while my marriage with Frederick-August had not been annulled by the Pope.

The first few months of my marriage were, however, very pleasant ones. Toselli was a pleasant companion and a composer of no mean order. We were both musical, and at our Villa Pagannucci, on the hill at Fiesole, overlooking the red roofs of Florence, we for a considerable time lived very happily. We went to Paris and to Rome several times, and also to the Italian Lakes, yet as time progressed I was compelled to realise that Enrico Toselli did not attract me so much as did Frederick-August. Nevertheless, after all, he was kind to me in his particular way. Our villa was a humble home quite plainly furnished, and we lived without any attempt at grandeur. I had seen the splendours of life, and it seemed that for me only the shadows remained.

Finally Signor Toselli became estranged from me. We had certain differences, and in 1911 we agreed to separate. Then I left Florence, and after a short residence in Rome and on the Riviera I went to Aix, and later on to Brussels, where I took a rather cosy apartment in the leafy Avenue Louise, which, as you know, leads out of the city to the pretty Bois de la Cambre, the promenade of the Bruxellois.

For two years I lived in Brussels the gay, delightful miniature Paris, spending the summer days in the Ardennes with some friends who had a fine chateau on the Meuse, and devoting myself to my music and painting, of both of which I am extremely fond.

Some of my old friends visited me in Brussels, and on such occasions I ventured to accompany them to a theatre or a cinema. But if my escort was a male I knew that the eye of evil would be upon me, and the fact reported by the German secret agents who swarmed in the Belgian capital before the war. More than once I pointed out their activity and their identity to the Belgian authorities. I knew by overhearing conversations at table at Potsdam and elsewhere of the intentions of the Kaiser to make war and to invade Belgium. I had revealed to Mr Le Queux—ever active as he was in contra-espionage in Britain—how by the most subtle and cunning means Berlin was attempting to undermine the very foundations of the British Empire.

THE FALL OF BRUSSELS.

I recall the August day in 1914 when, looking down from my balcony, I saw an unusual stir in the tree-lined avenue. German soldiers were passing, entering the town upon motor cycles quite orderly and upon a long-arranged plan. Liege and Namur were besieged; the most fearful atrocities were being committed by the Uhlans and others in the Meuse Valley; and at last Brussels had fallen into the enemy's hands.

That morning, an hour before, a smart young Englishman whom I had known for about a year called upon me, and was shown in by my faithful old Italian maid. To my surprise he wore a chauffeur's uniform.

"Hulloa!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

"Hush! Princess," he replied. "The Germans are approaching. I have orders to remain here at my post, as agent of the British Government, and then, after watching, to escape to London to report. I have assumed the guise of chauffeur. I shall bring my car to your door as though I am about to take you out. From here I shall have a good opportunity of watching the progress of events."

Major Scholtz, who was appointed by the Kaiser to "look after" the Crown Princess in Belgium.

At once I agreed. The En... son of a certain British pe... the most fearless and patri... agents. He had resided ... three years prior to the war ... pose of keeping an eye upon t... German spies.

As I watched the passing ... the Englishman was sitting ... had drawn up. Suddenly a ... rode up, and dismounting ent... and demanded to see me.

He was shown in, and cli... as he asked my name, said in ... "I have orders, your Hig... you under the protection of ... shall station three men here. It ... if you do not go out, as you, ... may be the object of hosti... My ... is Scholtz—Major Scholtz."

And again he clicked ... saluted.

"Then you are occupying ... asked.

"Yes, your Highness. My ... will be at the Palace Hotel ... "If you are in any diffi... to me there. I have specia... sure your safety."

"But the people of Brussels ... display hostility towards myself ... "I am too well known here ... politan."

"It is the orders from the General ... your Highness. I have to obey ... There is a car outside. Is it yours?"

"Yes," I replied. "I was going ... Charleroi to visit the hospitals ... chauffeur is waiting for me."

"I fear I must commandeer your ... he said quite politely. "We are taking ... cars."

"You are quite welcome," I laughed. "Only treat my chauffeur decently ... a very trustworthy servant."

"Trustworthy?" he asked, looking ... meaningly. "He is one of us—eh?"

I nodded, well knowing that if my ... friend were found to be English he ... quickly be clapped into prison.

Thereupon Major Scholtz bowed ... out, and I watched him walk to the car ... give the driver orders. My young En... friend touched his cap in true chauffeur style, mounted to his seat, and drove ... German officer away into the city.

The heart of Belgium was crushed ... forty-eight hours. The German war ... flew from the Hôtel de Ville, and ... officers invaded all the hotels and ... while their men piled arms along the ... vards and in the Place before the ... station.

A PLOT AGAINST MY LIFE.

I sat alone upon my balcony and watched the downfall of the gallant little kingdom which Berlin had for the past twelve years plotted to absorb. And the Kaiser's work had been done with all the evil ruthlessness of his soldiers of Satan.

For weeks, nay months, I remained under the protection of the German army, much against my will. The man Scholtz had evidently been instructed to see to my personal welfare, and I must confess he was extremely considerate in many ways. It was evidently feared that being the divorced wife of the King of Saxony I might receive a stray bullet fired by an unknown hand.

At first I laughed at the idea that after further residence of six months in the Avenue Louise I discovered quite accidentally a further most dastardly plot against my life. Somebody, a spy of course, many, of course, had spread a wicked report in Brussels that I was in the midst in order to betray them to the enemy. And there was a conspiracy to kill me.

Berlin wanted to get rid of me once for all.

I took the bull by the horns as ... in English, and, writing to ... German Governor, I demanded a ... leave Brussels for Cologne. On account of my Imperial birth, this ... granted me.

But as soon as I was over the frontier into Germany a new charge was made against me—that I was insane!

This report filtered through to the ... press, and was printed in ... in England.

But the truth was that the ... once again came to my ... in delivering me from the ... perial persecutor the Kaiser.

My mind was declared to be ... whereupon with the connivance of my husband I was allowed to escape from the city, where I am to-day ... clusion of the war, when I ... be happier times for me.

Till then I am remaining ... those who have read the ... persecuted woman whose ... been her love for the people ... for their welfare I may die ... is not far distant when the ... and his paymaster, the ... will receive their just reward.

Assuredly God will repay.

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HE LURE OF PETROGRAD.

FFECT OF RUSSIA'S COLLAPSE ON ALLIES' STRATEGY.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

LOYD GEORGE said at Birken- head on Friday that, though the out- in Russia was gloomy enough, the sun shining on the Allied banners elsewhere. is true enough in the sense in which Prime Minister spoke, though on the ern front the sun has had little oppor- y of shining on banners or anything

ports indicate that the ground in Flan- is slowly drying up. But it is a tedious ess, and it has doubtless been delayed the violent thunderstorm which swept France in the middle of the week. For thing like a month the movement of itry has been simply impossible.

er, as they are moved up into the fight- line, find themselves dumped down into is literally a sea of mud. So long as conditions continue the renewal of ations on a grand scale is not to be ed for.

e conditions are better at Verdun, but there there has been little activity dur- the last few days, and, apart from the of Riga, attention during the past week been mainly concentrated on the develop- of General Cadorna's offensive against Carso.

The Italian Progress.

r information about the progress that is made in this theatre of the war we ntinue dependent to a large extent on un- al reports. General Cadorna, in pursu- of the new practice he has adopted, us very little until successive objectives achieved.

was reported two or three days ago that Gabriele, together with the ridge which for so long dominated Gorizia, had n into Italian hands. News of this suc- is almost hourly expected, but in this reports that the heights have fallen ar to have been premature. It is pos- that in the course of the struggle the ans obtained temporary possession of summit, but that the Austrians won the lost ground in the course of a ter-offensive. This would easily ex- the rumours to which such wide cur- y was given.

at San Gabriele is doomed, is, however, dently believed, and Gorizia will then freed from the bombardments it has so suffered. The Austrians, however, are ing up a fierce resistance. There can be oubt that, taking advantage of the Rus- collapse and the absence of pressure on Eastern front, they have heavily rein- d their armies on the Italian front. To extent the Allies' task is being rendered difficult by Russia's failure.

The Fall of Riga.

e fall of Riga affords striking but by means surprising evidence of the utter oralisation of the Russian Army. le who were possessed of private in- ation regarding the situation with M. Kerensky and General Korniloff endeavouring to cope were not unpre- d for what has happened. It was n that while some semblance of dis- e had been restored to one group of the ian Army, the condition of the army in north remained deplorable in the ex- e.

followed, therefore, that the enemy had to deliver a vigorous blow to secure s altogether out of proportion to the ary effort involved. That the blow ven so long delayed must be attributed olitical rather than military reasons. er present conditions the German er Command regards the Russian Army a contempt which, it must be reluc- y admitted, is not wholly undeserved. ps that cannot be relied on are as bad, rse, than no troops at all.

all the Russian armies there remain ents which continue staunch and true. of what avail is their loyalty if com- on either side of them turn tail and away? The loyal regiments in such nstances must either die where they or must join in the general retreat. rganised military formations are broken are converted into demoralised mobs of rate men, who pillage and burn the es of their own countrymen and trywomen in their flight to safety.

e position is deplorable, and must have s consequences on the Allied cause. it is a position that has to be faced, that the situation is not utterly hope- s initiated by the hesitancy the Ger- display about following up the oppor- s that presents itself. Berlin is be- ed more over the fall of Riga; Berlin is a little nervous lest by press- Russia too hard she may revive the patriotism of the Russian peasant, provoke that recovery which she is to avoid.

It is natural enough that everyone should be asking in what manner and to what extent the Germans will seek to drive home the advantage they have won. The question is difficult to answer, because all the usual military consideration which would afford guidance in a matter of this kind have gone by the board. When the walls of Jericho go down at the blast of a trumpet it is impossible for anyone to speak with any confidence of the possibility of the Russians organising new defensive lines anywhere between Riga and Petrograd.

It is said with truth that the Germans have much more to fear from the autumnal rains than from the valour of the Russian soldier. Von Hindenburg's dwindling military resources have also to be considered. If Petrograd remains inviolate Russia will have occasion to thank the Allies in the West for immunity from this disgrace. The Germans are certainly not in a position to spare any large force for an advance on Petrograd.

But the lure of the Russian capital will be very great, and, without going into detail, it may be said that the fall of the Russian capital would carry with it certain military consequences which would greatly retard Russia's military recovery even next year. These military considerations the Germans must be fully cognisant of, but for reasons which the reader will doubtlessly appreciate, it is not desirable to touch upon them here except in the most general terms.

The temptation to press on to Petrograd will be increased, moreover, by the probability that such a march would be in the nature of a procession, so far as fighting opposition was concerned. But if a small force were detailed for such service, such a force would be in grave peril of attack on its right flank if General Korniloff is able to restore discipline to a fighting force adequate for an offensive operation of this kind.

A Question of Policy.

It is unlikely, however, that Germany's decision will be dictated solely by military considerations, though even these are rather considerable. If they do nothing else, the retiring Russian armies may be expected to lay waste the country as they retreat. The spectre of famine already broods over the land, and the German army assuredly could not expect to "live on the country" as it advanced.

Supplies would have to be transported over enormous distances, and that at a time when the German railway systems are admittedly in a bad way through lack of lubricants. The lines of communication even from Riga to Petrograd would extend over something like 350 miles—lines of communication which would always be liable to interruption by Cossack raids.

All these considerations might be overruled in view of the moral and military advantages that would accrue from a German occupation of Petrograd. But the political factor is most serious. An advance on the capital might afford just the incentive that is required to bring Russia to her senses, and to an appreciation of the danger that threatens her. From the Allied point of view it might even be a very excellent thing.

Russia's hesitancy even about an advance on Riga shows clearly enough that she appreciates the desirability, from her standpoint, of leaving the forces of disruption to work their will without interference from outside. She could probably have forced the passage of the Dvina at any time this year, but she held her hand here just as she held her hand on other portions of the Eastern front.

Only when the Russians made a spasmodic advance in Galicia—and its spasmodic character was always emphasised in this column—did Von Hindenburg strike back. The results were instantaneous. The Russians were cleared out of Galicia, the whole of the Bukovina was won back, and the Germans penetrated into Bessarabia.

Putting on the Brake.

There are reasons for thinking that this advance into the industrial districts of Russia might have been pressed further if the Germans thought it diplomatic to go on. But they paused, and there can be little doubt that a halt was called for reasons of policy. But the Moscow Conference did not turn out so satisfactorily as the Germans hoped, and we see the results at Riga.

Even if they stop where they are, the Germans are now in much more comfortable quarters than they would have been if they had remained on the western and southern sides of the almost impassable Tirul marshes. But the expectation is that, though Petrograd may not be their objective this year, the Germans will still push on some little way further.

Riga having fallen, no new defensive line of anything approaching the same strength is available to the Russians for some considerable distance to the East. If Von Hindenburg elects to go forward, it is difficult to see how Dvinsk can hold out. And the Germans may endeavour to seize the great naval port of Reval before the Baltic is frozen in. In that case they would almost certainly advance through Lovinia to the line of the Pskoff Lakes, on which it should be possible for the Russians to take up strong defensive positions.

All this is based very much on surmise, but it is surmise founded on the probabilities as we know them. If the wiser counsels prevail in Berlin, Germany will presumably elect to "go slow." By adopting moderate ambitions a chance will be given for the process of disintegration in Russia to go on working.

BERLIN IN A BAD WAY.

PEOPLE HORROR-STRUCK BY NEW RULE.

THE "TENDERFOOT" CHANCELLOR.

(Specially Contributed.)

According to the Berliner Tageblatt, "German statesmen are suffering from a bad attack of nerves." Dr Michaelis has not the necessary authority over them at present, although no one doubts his good intentions. He stands out as a "tenderfoot" in this stormy time of foreign politics; he lacks the necessary authority because of the manner in which he was appointed—without the consent of the Reichstag or of his colleagues—and thus from the first day his position was uncertain. One thing is sure, that as long as the State Chancellor and Ministers are appointed from the uncontrollable "higher spheres" and sent down to the national representatives, so long crisis will follow crisis and conflict upon conflict. The men who control the affairs of the nation must know that a people of 70,000,000 cannot be governed by Ministers appointed without their co-operation or consent by a secret method. Dr Michaelis, if he is nothing else, is the representative of the Absolute-Bureaucratic principle, which must be broken if the Empire is to be saved. It will be the task of the Reichstag to bring about this break.

A New Woe in Berlin.

Berlin is indeed in a bad way. Not only have the authorities intimated that, owing to the coal scarcity, the supply of hot water for baths in all private houses and even public institutions is to be stopped this winter, but, owing to the lack of gas, street lighting has been cut off, and the fall of darkness stops all traffic. This week a new woe has overtaken them. Berliners are horror-struck by the new rule that smoking in the streets or in public squares is prohibited.

Eight months ago the importations of raw tobacco from Holland was stopped (says the Frankfort Gazette). By this the Government determined to raise the value of German money, and also to show the Dutch that they were not willing to pay their extraordinarily high prices without any opposition. The importation has now been reinstituted, but their expectations have not been fulfilled. The prices of tobacco are higher than ever, and the value of the mark has sunk considerably. It has simply ended in Holland having found another market for her surplus stock, and now the possibility of importing further Dutch tobacco is very small. This new prohibition of smoking in public places and on the streets, adds the journal, is a strong encroachment on the personal freedom of the individual, but we have had to get used to such encroachments during this war. Yet smokers will agree that it is worth while knuckling down to a rule which will help to save their hearths and homes.

More About the Degraded Prince.

The Kaiser's nephew, Prince Frederick of Prussia, has lodged a complaint against the All Highest, who, as head of the House of Hohenzollern, declared him minor on account of his debts.

The Prince is now twenty-two years of age, and has placed his case in the hands of a Court lawyer. He denies the right of the Emperor to thus publicly disgrace him without having his case tried before several Judges. The Kaiser has refused to have the case tried except before the Secret Chamber of Justice.

Holding Britain by the Throat.

The intense hatred of the Hun for the British is evidenced by almost every German paper you take up. Says the Hamburger Fremdenblatt:—"We are coming to the goal of our U-boat warfare. We are undermining the manufacture of munitions and war material of our enemy as well as their economic supplies. Every day we are making headway. To-day the most masterly faking up of statistics by Lloyd George, which arouse amusement even in Britain, cannot hide the solid fact that our U boats are winning. Just as Bishop Hatto of Mayence could not master the swarms of rats, thus Britain to-day is up against her most difficult military and economic problem. No pretended optimism on her part can deceive us. By her desperate offensive in Flanders, which has in view the destruction of our U-boat bases there, Britain is struggling to free herself from an opponent who has her by the throat. But we will not let go!

"We know that Britain is our chief enemy, and that the end phase of this world's war is becoming more and more a duel between Britain and Germany. This fact was clearly expressed by our Kaiser on his late visit to the Flanders front, and the crux of his speech there was—'Britain is the driver in this war, and the foe who must be overthrown if the German nation is to live in freedom. Abroad and at home we are straining every nerve to overcome Britain, our most obstinate and vindictive enemy. To hasten our victory we have put forward in these last deciding battles all our strength by land, water, and in the air, as the recent air attacks on Britain show."

The Kaiser's Amnesty.

The Kaiser has granted an amnesty in favour of the wives and widows of the soldiers on the occasion of his namesday. All sentences of up to two weeks' imprisonment and fines up to a hundred marks are to be pardoned in all Courts of Justice throughout the country.

War-Weary Soldier.

Nothing demonstrates more clearly the extreme war-weariness of the Kaiser's troops than this paragraph in the Berliner Tageblatt:—"Yesterday afternoon a soldier in full uniform and kit suddenly jumped from the tramway car and threw himself right over the Potsdam Bridge into the canal. A workman immediately tried to rescue the life-weary soldier, but before he reached him the man was drowned."

IS LORD KITCHENER ALIVE?

SENSATIONAL TRANSACTION REVIVES EXTRAORDINARY RUMOURS.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

London, Saturday.

IS Lord Kitchener alive?

The greatest interest has been aroused by the insurance risk which has just been placed by a firm of marine and general insurance brokers in Liverpool. One of their clients is anxious to effect a policy by which he will receive £10,000 if within three months after peace has been signed he is able to prove that Lord Kitchener was alive on August 31, 1917.

This has given an extraordinary fillip to the rumours which were current some time ago, and which were considerably supported by the statement of Mrs Parker that she had never believed that her brother lost his life in the Hampshire disaster. The transaction, however, is not seriously viewed on Lloyds, and inquiries I have been making there show that there is little likelihood of the mystery of the rumours being lifted.

The underwriters have quoted the price of the policy at five shillings per cent., which, in plain sporting language, means that they are betting 400 to one that Lord Kitchener is dead.

Views of Insurance Broker.

"There is very little in the thing at all," said one of the largest insurance brokers, in the course of an interview, "and the public ought to remember that you can insure against any contingency at Lloyds. This sort of business started by accepting policies against the birth of twins, and now, if you wish it, the underwriters will quote you for almost any risk you like to mention.

"The very low rate proves that Lloyds do not look upon the risk as a great one. Government war risks run at the rate of about two pounds per hundred, while for overdue vessels as much as eighty pounds per hundred are charged. These figures ought to allow the public to estimate the value of the Liverpool view that Lord Kitchener is alive."

Of course, it may be argued that someone in shipping circles is in possession of special and secret information, but the chances are all against it. If Lord Kitchener is alive, either he was picked up by a passing vessel or by a German submarine. In the former case he would have been able to communicate with this country before now; in the latter case he would be a prisoner in Germany.

But why, if he were a prisoner in Germany, would this country not have heard about his capture?

"Germany Keeping the Secret."

Those who believe the rumours hold that Germany is keeping the secret for two reasons, the first being that he will be useful when peace terms are being dictated, the other that if the men of Britain knew that her greatest and best loved soldier were in the hands of the Hun, they would fight to the bitter end.

Another and a more absurd story going the rounds is that Kitchener is Kerensky. Many people seriously believe this, and assure you that they have proof that this is no mere rumour.

These beliefs have been helped along in a manner which suggests that for some hidden reason or another the enemy is behind the various stories we hear.

One of them is about a woman who has had a letter from her husband or son. This is one of the greatest mysteries of the war. Briefly, it is to the effect that her husband or son, who was on the Hampshire, and who was mourned for dead, has turned up in an internment camp, and written:—"There is a big pot with us. I can't tell you who he is, but one day you will get a big surprise."

Dozens of people have told me about this woman, and assured me that they know her. Time and again I have offered a fairly tempting sum of money for a mere glance at the letter, but I have never seen it yet.

The Charwoman's "Son."

This mysterious woman has turned up everywhere. Once she was a charwoman in Glasgow, and the interned sailor of the Hampshire was her son. In her case the name was given, which fact enabled the rumour to be investigated. The charwoman was found all right, but, alas! she never had a son.

It may be there is nothing more behind the mystery than sentiment and romance. There has always been a desire to cling to the hope that great people are not really dead. There are numerous cases in which attempts have been made to keep them alive, the most noteworthy being that of Hector Macdonald.

During the Russo-Japanese war thousands of people believed he was Kuroki. The rear-guard actions of this great soldier were studied, and as it was pointed out that they were exactly the same as those of Fighting Mac. Later on, very plausible stories were told about how the great soldier had been recognised by a former comrade, and, really, it was very difficult to see how these could have been invented.

Similar Beliefs.

In the Boer war itself, while De Wet was being chased, thousands of officers held the belief that when he was caught he would turn out to be a very well known English nobleman who had disappeared under a cloud from a guards regiment years before, and until recently many followers of Charles Parnell believed that his funeral had been a sham.

It may be recalled that until the coffin of Mr Druce was actually opened and his remains identified, there was a world-wide belief that the coffin contained nothing but lead, and that the burial was arranged by the Duke of Portland to get rid of an awkward character he had assumed.

The Lloyds affair may, therefore, be regarded as only another link in a mysterious chain, which ought not to be seriously regarded, and which can only keep open the wound caused by the loss of the great soldier.

SEQUEL TO CHAPEL ADDRESSES.

Charges Against Liberal Candidates Withdrawn.

Bridlington, Saturday.

Councillor Thomas D. Fenby, J.P., C.C., prospective Liberal candidate for the Howdenshire Division of the East Riding, was brought up to-day at Bridlington on eight charges under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Four of the summonees were in respect of an address delivered by him on Sunday evening, July 29, in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, St John Street, Bridlington. He delivered an indictment against the Churches for their alleged inactivity during the war in not having protested against the alleged injustices of Military Medical Boards and against the cruel treatment of genuine conscientious objectors—though he did not affirm that the position was right or wrong—and in other ways.

Mr Patrick Hastings defended, and Lieut. M. M'Culley, legal adviser to the Northern Command, prosecuted.

The prosecution first proceeded with the charge that defendant, who pleaded not guilty, had made statements which were prejudicial to recruiting. He called the charges most grave at a time when a spark might cause a conflagration, and especially having regard to defendant's public position and influence. He considered defendant's asperions on the Christian Church were a grave slander and scandal, and his statements had constituted a purely malicious and direct attack on recruiting.

The first charge—that of making statements prejudicial to recruiting—was dismissed by a majority of the Bench, and the other charges were withdrawn.

PRIZE-WINNING BABY AT HAMILTON.

At the military carnival held at Hamilton yesterday one of the principal attractions was a baby show. Here we see a proud mother, Mrs Calder, whose boy, Douglas, won one of the first prizes. Standing alongside is Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, who acted as judge.

FISCHER WINS A TRICK.

The Girl From New York

A Tale of the Secret Service

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The Beginning of the Story.

Captain Graham, the inventor of a marvellous new explosive, has the formula taken from him in a London hotel.

Pamela Van Teyl, a beautiful American girl, is believed by

Oscar Fischer, an American millionaire of German origin, to be in possession of the stolen formula, and he follows her to New York.

Nikasti, a Japanese, wants the formula for Japan, but

John Lutchester, a languid Englishman, whose sole interest appears to be sport, intervenes on Pamela's behalf when she is hard pressed by Fischer and the Jap.

Fischer believes that he has secured the formula, and that it is now in Germany. He and Baron von Schwerin, a special emissary of the Kaiser's, interview Nikasti and give him a letter from the Kaiser, urging the Emperor of Japan to desert the Allies and attack America.

Lutchester succeeds in reading the letter. He tells the Jap that this is but a trick of Germany's, and says he will bring him evidence that will prove Germany's duplicity.

Fischer gambles heavily in Anglo-French shares after a visit to Washington. He induces Pamela to pay him a visit by the promise of news.

Chapter XXIV.

"NOW indeed I feel that I am in New York," Pamela declared, as she broke off one of the blossoms of the great cluster of deep-red roses by her side, and gazed downward over her shoulder at the far-flung carpet of lights. "One sees little bits of America in every country of the world, but never this."

Fischer, unusually grave and funereal-looking in his dinner-clothes and black tie, followed her gesture with thoughtful eyes. Everything that was ugly in the stretching arms of the city seemed softened, shrouded and bejewelled.

"I agree with you," he said. "You dine at the Ritz-Carlton and you might be in Paris. You dine here, and one knows that you are in America."

"Yet even here we have become increasingly luxurious," Pamela remarked, looking around. "The glass and linen upon the tables are quite French; those shaded lights are exquisite. That little band, too, was playing at the Ritz three years ago. I am sure that the maitre d'hotel who brought us to our table was once at the Cafe de Paris."

"Money would draw all those things from Europe even to the Sahara," Fischer observed, "so long as there were plenty of it. But millions could not buy our dining-table in the clouds."

"A little effort of the imagination, fortunately," Pamela laughed, looking upwards. "There are stars, but no clouds."

"I guess one of them is going to slip down to the next table before long," Van Teyl observed, with a little movement of his head.

They all three turned around and looked at the wonderful bank of pink roses within a few feet of them.

"One of the opera women, I daresay," the young man continued. "They are rather fond of this place."

Pamela leaned forward. Fischer was watching the streets below. Only a short distance away was a huge newspaper building, flaring with lights. The pavements fringing it were thronged with a little stationary crowd. A row of motor bicycles was in waiting. A night edition of the paper was almost due.

"Mr Fischer," she asked, "what about that news?"

He withdrew his eyes from the street. Almost unconsciously he straightened himself a little in his place. There was pride in his tone. Behind his spectacles his eyes flashed.

"I would have told it you before," he said, "but you would not have believed it. Soon—in a very few moments—the news will be known. You will see it break away in waves from that building down there, so I will bear with your incredulity. The German and British Fleets have met, and the victory has remained with us."

"With us?" Pamela repeated.

"With Germany," Fischer corrected himself hastily.

"Is this true?" James Van Teyl almost shouted. "Fischer, are you sure of what you're saying? Why, it's incredible!"

"It is true," was the proud reply. "The German Navy has been a long time in proving itself. It has done so now. To-day every German citizen is the proudest creature breathing. He knew before that his armies were invincible. He knows now that his fleet is destined to make his country the mistress of the seas. Britain's day is over. Her ships were badly handled and foolishly flung into battle. She has lost many of her finest units. Her navy is to-day a crippled and maimed force. The German Fleet is out in the North Sea, waiting for an enemy who has disappeared."

"It is inconceivable," Pamela gasped.

"I do not ask you to believe my word," Fischer exclaimed. "Look!"

As though the flood-gates had been suddenly opened, the stream of patient waiters broke away from the newspaper building below. Like little fireflies, the motor bicycles were tearing down the different thoroughfares. Boys like ants, with their burden of newspapers, were running in every direction. Motor waggons had started on their furious race. Even the distant echoes of their cries came faintly up. Fischer called a messenger and sent him for a paper.

"I do not know what report you will see," he said, "but from whatever source it comes it will confirm my story. The news is too great and sweeping to be contradicted or ignored."

"If it's true," Van Teyl muttered, "you've made a fortune in my office to-day. It looks like it, too. There was something wrong with Anglo-French beside your selling for the last hour this afternoon. I couldn't get buyers to listen for a moment."

"Yes, I shall have made a great deal of money," Fischer admitted, "money which I shall value because it comes magnificently, but I hope that this victory may help me to win other things."

He looked fixedly at Pamela, and she moved uneasily in her chair. Almost unconsciously the man himself seemed somehow associated with his cause, to be assuming a larger and more tolerant place in her thoughts. Perhaps there was some measure of greatness about him after all. The strain of waiting for the papers became almost intolerable. At last the boy reappeared. The great black headlines were stretched out before her. She felt the envelopment of Fischer's triumph. The words were there in solid type, and the paper itself was one of the most reliable

GREAT NAVAL BATTLE IN THE NORTH SEA.

BRITISH ADMIRALTY ADMITS SERIOUS LOSSES.

QUEEN MARY, INDEFATIGABLE, AND MANY FINE SHIPS LOST.

Pamela looked up from the sheet.

"It is too wonderful," she whispered, with a note of awe in her tone. "I don't think that anyone ever expected this. We all believed in the British Navy."

"There is nothing," Fischer declared, "that Britain can do which Germany cannot do better."

"And America best of all," Pamela said.

Fischer bowed.

"That is one comparison which will never now be made," he declared, "for from to-night Germany and America will draw nearer together The bubble of British naval omnipotence is pricked."

"Meanwhile," Van Teyl observed, putting his paper away, "we are neglecting our dinner. Nothing like a good dose of sensationalism for giving us an appetite."

Fischer was watching his glass being filled with champagne. He seized it by the stem. His eyes for a moment travelled upwards.

"I am an American citizen," he said, with a strange fervour in his tone, "but for the moment I am called back. And so I lift my glass and I drink—I alone, without invitation to you others—to those brave souls who have made of the North Sea a holy battle-ground."

He drained his glass and set it down empty. Pamela watched him as though fascinated. For a single moment she was conscious of a queer sensation of personal pity for some shadowy and absent friend, of something almost like a lump in her throat, a strange instinct of antagonism towards the man by her side so enveloped in beatific satisfaction—then she frowned when she realised that she had been thinking of Lutchester, that her first impulse had been one of sympathy for him. The moment passed. The service of dinner was pressed more insistently upon them. James Van Teyl, who had been leaning back in his chair talking to one of the maitres d'hotel, dismissed him with a little nod and entrusted them with a confidence.

"Say, do you know who's coming to the next table?" he exclaimed. "Sonia!"

They were all interested.

"You won't mind?" Fischer asked diffidently.

"In a restaurant, how absurd!" Pamela laughed. "Why, I'm dying to see her. I wonder how it is that some of the greatest singers in the world lead such extraordinary lives that people can never know anything of them."

"Society is tolerant enough nowadays," her brother observed, "but Sonia won't give them even a decent chance to wink at her eccentricities. She crossed, you know, on the Prince Doronda's yacht, for fear they wouldn't let her land."

"Here she comes," Pamela whisperd.

There was a moment's spellbound silence. Two maitres d'hotel were hurrying in front. A pathway from the lift had been cleared as though for a royal personage. Sonia, in white from head to foot, a dream of white lace and chinchilla, with a Russian crown of pearls in her glossy black hair, and a rope of pearls around her neck, came like a waxen figure, with scarlet lips and flashing eyes, towards her table. And behind her—Lutchester! Pamela felt her fingers gripping the tablecloth. Her first impulse, curiously enough, was one of wild fury with herself for that single instant's pity. Her face grew cold and hard. She felt herself sitting a little more upright. Her eyes remained fixed upon the newcomers.

Lutchester's behaviour was admirable. His glance swept their little table without even a shadow of interest. He ignored with passive unconcern the mistake of Van Teyl's attempted greeting He looked through Fischer as though he had been a ghost. He stood by Sonia's side while she seated herself, and listened with courteous pleasure to her excited admiration of the flowers and the wonderful vista. Then he took his own place. In his right hand he was carrying an evening paper with its flaming headlines.

"That," Fischer pronounced, struggling to keep the joy from his tone, "is very British and very magnificent!"

. . . . . .

Pamela had imperfect recollections of the rest of the evening. She remembered that she was more than usually gay throughout dinner-time, but that she was the first to jump at the idea of a hurried departure and a visit to a music hall. Every now and then she caught a glimpse of Sonia's face, saw the challenging light in her brilliant eyes, heard little scraps of her conversation. The Frenchwoman spoke always in her own language, with a rather shrill voice, which made Lutchester's replies sound graver and quieter than usual. More than once Pamela's eyes rested upon the broad lines of his back. He sat all the time like a rock, courteous, at times obviously amusing, but underneath it all she fancied that she saw some signs of the disturbance from which she herself was suffering. She rose to her feet at last with a little sigh of relief. It was an ordeal through which she had passed.

Once in the lift, her brother and Fischer discussed Lutchester's indiscretion volubly.

"I suppose," Van Teyl declared, "that there isn't a man in New York who wouldn't have jumped at the chance of dining alone with Sonia, but for an Englishman, on a night like this," he went on, glancing at the paper, "say, he must have some nerve!"

"Or else," Fischer remarked, "a wonderful indifference. So far as I have studied the Anglo-Saxon temperament, I should be inclined to vote for the indifference. That is why I think Germany will win the war. Every man in that country prays for his country's success, not only in words, but with his soul. I have not found the same spirit in England."

"The English people," Pamela interposed, "have a genius for concealment which amounts to stupidity."

"I have a theory," Fischer said, "that to be phlegmatic after a certain pitch is a sign of low vitality. However, we shall see. Certainly, if Britain is to be saved from her present trouble, it will not be the Lutchesters of the world who will do it, nor, it seems, her navy."

The found their way to a large music hall, where Pamela listened to an indifferent performance a little wearily. The news of what was termed a naval disaster to Great Britain, was flashed upon the screen, and, generally speaking, the audience was stunned. Fischer behaved throughout the evening with tact and discretion. He made few references to the matter, and was careful not to indulge in any undue exhilaration. Once, when Van Teyl had left the box, however, to speak to some friends, he turned earnestly to Pamela.

"Will it please you soon," he begged, "to resume our conversation of the other day? However you may look at it, things have changed, have they not? An invincible British Navy has been one of the fundamental principles or beliefs in American politics. Now that it is destroyed, the outlook is different. I could go myself to the proper quarter in Washington, or Von Schwerin is here to be my spokesman. I have a fancy, though, to work with you. You know why."

She moved uneasily in her place.

"I have no idea," she objected, "what it is that you have to propose. Besides, I am only just a woman who has been entrusted with a few diplomatic errands."

"You are the niece of Senator Hastings," Fischer reminded her, "and Hastings is the man through whom I should like my proposal to go to the President. It is an honest offer which I have to make, and although it cannot pass through official channels, it is official in the highest sense of the word, because it comes to me from the one man who is in a position to make himself responsible for it."

Her brother came back to the box before Pamela could reply, but, as they parted that night, she gave Fischer her hand.

"Come and see our new quarters," she invited. "I shall be at home any time to-morrow afternoon."

It was one of the moments of Fischer's life. He bowed low over her fingers.

"I accept with great pleasure," he murmured.

Chapter XXV.

Sonia had the air of one steeped in an almost ecstatic content. On her return from the roof garden she had exchanged her wonderful gown for a white silk negligee, and her headdress of pearls for a quaint little cap. She was stretched upon a sofa drawn before the wide-flung French windows of her little sitting-room at the Ritz-Carlton, a salon decorated in pink and white and filled almost to overflowing with the roses which she loved. By her side, in an easy chair which she had pressed him to draw up to her couch, sat Lutchester

"This," she murmured, "is one of the evenings which I adore. I have no work, no engagements—just one friend with whom to talk. My fine clothes have gone. I am myself," she added, stretching out her arms. "I have my cigarettes, my iced sherbet, and the lights and murmur of the city there below to soothe me. And you to talk with me, my friend. What are you thinking of me—that I am a little animal who loves comfort too much, eh?"

Lutchester smiled

"We all love comfort," he replied. "Some of us are franker than others about it."

She made a little grimace.

"Comfort! It is my own word, but what a word! It is luxury I worship—luxury—and a friend. Is that, perhaps, another word too slight, eh?"

He met the provocative gleam of her eyes with a smile of amusement.

"You are just the same child, Sonia," he remarked. "Neither climate nor country nor the few passing years can change you."

"It is you who have grown older and sterner," she pouted. "It is you who have lost the gift of living to-day as though to-morrow were not. There was a time, was there not, John, when you did not care to sit always so far away?"

She laid her hand—ringless, over-manicured, but delicately white—upon his. He smoothed it gently.

"You see, Sonia," he sighed, "troubles have come that harden the heart oven of the gayest of us."

She frowned.

"You are not going to remind me——" she began.

"If I reminded you of anything, Sonia," he interrupted, "I would remind you that you are a Frenchwoman."

She stretched out her hand restlessly and took one of the Russian cigarettes from a bowl by her side.

"You are not, by any chance, going to talk seriously, dear John?"

"I am," he assured her, "very seriously."

"Oh, la, la!" she laughed. "You, my dear, gay companion, you who have shaken the bells all your life, you are going to talk seriously! And to-night, when we meet again after so long. Ah, well, why should I be surprised?" she went on, with a pout. "You have changed. When one looks into your face one sees the difference. But to me, of all people in the world! Why talk seriously to me? I am just Sonia, the gipsy nightingale. I know nothing of serious things."

"You carry one very serious secret in your heart," he told her gravely, "one little pain which must sometimes stab. You are a Frenchwoman, and yet——"

Lutchester paused for a moment. Sonia, too, seemed suddenly to have awakened into a state of tense and vivid emotion. The cigarette burned away between her fingers. Her great eyes were fixed upon Lutchester. There was something almost like fear in their questioning depths.

"Finish! Finish!" she insisted. "Continue!"

"And yet," he went on, "your very dear friend, the friend for whose sake you are here in America, is your country's enemy."

She raised herself a little upon the couch.

"That is not true," she declared furiously. "Maurice loves France. His heart aches for the misery that has come upon her. It is your country only which he hates. If France had but possessed the courage to stand by herself to resist when England forced her friendship upon her, none of this tragedy would ever have happened. Maurice has told me so himself. France could have peace to-day, peace at her own price."

"There is no peace which would leave France with a soul save the peace which follows victory," Lutchester replied sternly.

She crushed her cigarette nervously in her fingers, threw it away, and lit another.

"I will not talk of these things with you," she cried. "It was not for this that you sought me out, eh? Tell me at once? Were these the thoughts you had in your mind when you sent your little note—when you chose to show yourself once more in my life?"

For the first time of his own accord he drew his chair a little nearer to hers. He took her hand. She gave him both unresistingly.

"Listen, dear Sonia," he said. "It is true that I am a changed man. I am older than when we met last, and there are the other things. You remember the Chateau d'Albert?"

"Of course!" she murmured. "And the young Duc d'Albert's wonderful house party. We all motored there from Paris. You and I were together! You have forgotten that, eh?"

"I lay in that orchard for two days," he went on grimly, "with a hole in my side and one leg pretty nearly done for. I saw things I can never forget in those days, Sonia. D'Albert himself was killed. It was in that first mad rush. Of the Chateau there remains but four blackened walls."

"Pauvre enfant!" she murmured. "But you are well and strong again now, is it not so? You will not fight again, eh? You were never a soldier, dear friend."

"Just now," he confided, "I have other work to do. It is that other work which has brought me to America."

She drew him a little closer to her. Her eyes questioned him.

"There is, perhaps, now," she asked, "a woman in your life?"

"There is," he admitted.

She made a grimace.

"But how clumsy to tell me, even though I asked," she exclaimed. "What is she like? . . But no, I do not wish to hear of her! If she is all the world to you, why did you send me that little note? Why are you here?"

"Because we were once dear friends, Sonia," he said, "because I wish to save you from great trouble."

She shrank from him a little fearfully.

"What do you mean?"

"Sonia," he continued, with a note of sternness in his tone, "during the last two years you have gone backwards and forwards between New York and Paris, six times. I do not think that you must make that journey again."

She was standing now, with one hand gripping the edge of the table.

"John! . . John! . . What do you mean?" she demanded, and this time her voice was hard.

"I mean," he said, "that when you leave here for Paris you will be watched day and night. The moment you set foot upon French soil you will be arrested and searched If anything is found upon you, such as a message from your friend in Washington—well, you know what it would mean. Can't you see, you foolish child, the risk you have been running? Would you care to be branded as a spy?—you, a daughter of France?"

Another instalment of this story will appear next week. Don't miss it.

Our portrait is of Mrs. Elsworth of Elm Street, Huyton Quarry, near Liverpool, who writes:—

"For 16 years I have been a great sufferer from Ulcerated Varicose Veins, tried almost everything for them, but did not get any relief. I tried doctors, have also been in the Hospital, but they were no good at all, so at last I thought I would try your Wonderful Medicine, Clarke's Blood Mixture, and only wish I had done so years ago; it would have saved me a lot of pain as I have had to lay up weeks at the time with them, and as soon as I got about it would break down again. Now I am pleased, and more than thankful to say I have not got one place open on my legs, and was most interesting to watch them heal up, besides taking the awful pain away. I now enjoy a walk in the country, which I have not been able to do for years. The remedy When my friends have seen my legs they say what valuable medicine 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' must be, as at one time there was nothing but ulcers from the foot to above the knee."

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Importation having been prohibited, writers are becoming so scarce that the price of new machines have risen fifty per cent., and deliveries cannot be guaranteed under three months.

THE VALE'S VICTORY.

VALE OF LEVEN, 2; STEVENSTON UNITED, 1.

e League leaders sustained their first t of the season at Millburn Park, ndrea, when they fell to the Vale by odd goal in three. The United fielded ong side, while the Vale trotted out new in Durnin (Partick Thistle), Speirs, Wharrier (Third Lanark), and gate, (Clydebank). It was a punishing e (Clydebank). The visitors started well, e all through, could make nothing of Wharrier. The then came into the game. Miller took ntage of a fine cross by Goldie, and Smith. Ten minutes later Howie ked rather softly, and at the interval ore stood level.

second half was a scorcher, each side ng for the leading goal, which came to Vale in the closing ten minutes. This the result of a header by Garrett from ner beautifully taken by Speirs. Both were in good form, and there was little ose between the teams.

E EASTERN LEAGUE.

NDEE HIBS' VICTORY.

NDEE HIBS, 3; ARMADALE, 1.

dee Hibs gained a victory over Arma- in a hard contested game, the result 3-1. Play was full of thrills from ning to end, with attacks and counter- s, and the 4000 spectators were kept ghout on the tip-toe of excitement. The , however, might have been different visitors had had a better centre for- Hardy being a failure. Both Grieve Grant, in the Hibs and Armadale goals tively, were kept busy during the first The wing men swooped down on them now and then, and shots were hot numerous, M'Quire and M'Cabe on the de having several tries, and Roden and on the other. Hibs' outside left was ed, but Thomson failed to convert the Immediately afterwards Currie ran the wing, and, crossing over to Herd, ter sent the ball into the net.

bucked up in the second half, and in rly stages Grant brought off a save M'Cabe, and a few minutes later missed in front of goal. The Hibs ed through M'Guire, who secured sion after a smart save by Grant, and it home. Nearing the finish, and repeated efforts, Napper Thomson the leading goal for the home club, the last minute Fraser registered a The best man on the field was n, the visitors' left back. Hibs were rved by Rennie, Thomson, M'Culloch, M'Quire. Prominent for Armadale Chalmers, Roden, Steele, and Currie.

OALKEEPING SAVES DUNDEE.

AITH ROVERS, 0; DUNDEE, 0.

two ex-First Leaguers, Raith Rovers Dundee, met at Stark's Park. The particularly in the first half, was full and clever football, with the Rovers ors most of the time. In the second lay gradually became more open and hat scrappy, but taken all over it interesting and well-contested game. most disappointing feature was that, thstanding all the play, not a man on side could find the net. In this the Rovers were the greater sinners e they had more chances to score, but gerness lost them many a likely open- At the same time credit must be given er, the Dundee goalkeeper, for the draw. From the first minute of me to the last he was never long out limelight, and when Husson and were hopelessly beaten he brought ny a fine save. The Raith forwards enerally too clever for the Dundee but at close quarters they defeated ves by their impetuosity. Stewart ir put up a cool and calculating which made Kerr's job in goal easy. In the second half Dundee more of the play, but there was a method in their attack which made an easy prey for the Raith backs. was indeed the saviour of Dundee.

AT GAME AT METHIL.

ST FIFE, 3; DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC, 2.

of the finest exhibitions seen at for many a day was served up by ife and Dunfermline Athletic. The of the game were fast play and nal finishing. The result hung in ance until the closing minutes. East as somewhat slow in settling down, opening goal gave them the neces- nic. Moffat was fortunate to score Sharp left his charge. The visitors t of the pressing up to the interval, aterson cleared in masterly fashion persistent bombardment by Duncan, and Neave.

suming Dunfermline through Dun- everly beat Bennett, bringing the equal. East Fife soon regained the clever effort by Hamilton giving no chance. This was followed by again making the sides square. A truggle for the mastery followed Hamilton on the call of time con- a ball from Johnstone amid great am. In the home goal Paterson his ability. In the attack John- nd Hamilton were the outstanding Dunfermline were somewhat in defence than their opponents, but the whole abler in the van. Fisher, and Neave played a fine forcing and carried play forward with dash ll. Dunfermline, who came short- were fortunate in picking up a ayer, Private David Chalmers, who e on leave, and who formerly played d Lanark at Kilmarnock.

S AT POWDERHALL.

ards foot handicap, which secured the fine 743, was run at Powderhall yesterday, the being placed in eighteen heats. Result:— Myler, Edinburgh (15); 2 (16s) J. Thom- th (20); 3 (5s) T. Gill, Edinburgh (14). to 4 on Myles, 5 to 2 against R. Harly, 4 to 1 Thomson, 6 to 1 Gill. Won half-yard between second and third. Time, ds.

mile handicap framed from M'Crae, Bank- ratch, with three limit men at 700 yards run. Result—1 (£5) Sergeant Grierson, 2 (15s) Sergeant-Major Edwards, (560); 3 (5s) D. Lowrie, Bo'ness (470). to 1 against M'Crae (Banknock) and 4 to 1 Lowrie, 10 to 1 Edwards. Won rds, with thirty yards between second and me, 14 minutes, 26 seconds.

WHIPPETING.

COATBRIDGE DOGS.

There was a large attendance. The programme opened with the semi-finals of the previous week's handicap. Results:—First Semi-Final—1 Tony's Tancy Lee (26); 2 Burkess' Steam (27). Second Semi-Final—1 Wilson's Fighting Mac (22); 2 M'Keown's Fill Up (23). Third Semi-Final—1 Donnelly's Rainbow (12); 2 Cullen's My Pet (18). Final—1 Rainbow, 2 Steam. Betting—2 to 1 against winners.

Twenty heats in a new handicap were afterwards played. Winners:—Allan's Mix Up (22), Taylor's Pup (31), M'Lachlan's Nan (26), Thomson's Early Bird (30), Rae's Miss Agnes (30), Thomson's Dr Crippen (31), Anderson's Fawn Lad (20), Marshall's Maggie Lauder (23), Irvine's Policeman (27), Marr's Dido (22), Brown's Saucy Sarah (24), M'Ghee's Bramble Boy (27), M'Owan's Armagh (28), Gibson's Jingling Geordie (21), Phee's Star Turn (32), Morris' Lux (32), Duthie's Hop In (23), Thomson's Blackbird (31), Robert's Sister (30), Tony's Jenny Lee (17).

£20 HANDICAP AT GLASGOW.

First Semi-Final—May Dew (23) and Saucy John (scratch). Second Semi-Final—Street Singer (27½) and Lily of the Valley (17½). Third Semi-Final—Monkey Face (27) and Dick (21½). Fourth Semi-Final—Darkie (21½) and Beauty (7). Fifth Semi-Final—Dechmont Lass (17½) and Perfect Lady (26½). Final—1 Mr Barr's May Dew, 2 Mr Mark's Darkie, 3 Mr O'Neil's Street Singer. Also ran—Saucy John, Lily of the Valley, Monkey Face, Dick, Beauty, Dechmont Lass, and Perfect Lady. Betting—6 to 4 on May Dew, 4 to 1 against Darkie and Monkey Face, 10 to 1 others. Won by inches.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

The handicap resulted as follows:—1 Mr Smith's (Leven) Wasp (80½); 2 Mr Menzie's Mabel (13½); 3 Mr Robertson's (Kelty) Brittanic (10½); 4 Mr Gilfillan's (Lochore) Lux (13½). There was a dead heat in the final, and the race had to be run over again. Betting—3 to 1 on Wasp.

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

A 190 yards dog handicap for first prize of £8, with 10s to each of the other finalists was run at Powderhall yesterday. Over 190 competitors were divided into twenty-eight heats. Finalists—Alton's (Winchburgh) O'Donovan Rosa (31), Balcarnie's (Newtongrange) Butterfly (27), Corbet's (Edinburgh) May (27), Skidmore's (Portobello) Houdini (28), Hogg's (Bonnyrigg) Carnegie (31). Winner—May. Betting—5 to 4 on May, 6 to 4 against O'Donovan Rosa, 6 to 1 Houdini, 10 to 1 Butterfly and Carnegie. Won by a foot. Time, 10⅘ seconds.

£50 TROT AT GLASGOW.

There was a good entry, twenty-four names appearing on the card, and with the three heats bringing out a good average, some very close racing was witnessed. In a good final the English champion, China Cock, was made favourite. Tommy P. H. led off at the start, closely followed by Skipper and Fortune Still, but the English horse going hard behind came away in grand style, and won by a length from Skipper. Result:—1 Mr Bunting's China Cock (scratch); 2 Mr Ferguson's Skipper (180); 3 Miss Trail's Ormond (150). Also ran—Fortune Still (145), Tommy P. H. (310), and Diamond Still (135). Betting—7 to 4 on China Cock, 4 to 1 against Skipper, 5 to 1 Ormond, 8 to 1 Diamond Still, 12 to 1 others. Won by a length, two lengths divided second and third. Time, 2 minutes 30 seconds.

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast sixteen correct results. There is NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.

The competitor who gives the sixteen correct results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct, the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the sixteen correct results, a Consolation Prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results, the Consolation Prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of sixteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, September 15.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion any game will end in a draw, leave the names of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed, the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold.

Any number of entry forms may be enclosed in the same envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to the competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON SEPTEMBER 15.

Bolton Wan.	v.	Liverpool.
Manchester C.	v.	Oldham Ath.
Preston N.E.	v.	Stoke.
Rochdale	v.	Manchester U.
Bradford City	v.	Leeds City.
Lincoln City	v.	Bradford.
Rotherham C.	v.	Sheffield U.
Sheffield Wed.	v.	Notts Forest.
Fulham	v.	Queen's P.R.
Arsenal	v.	Millwall.
Crystal Palace	v.	Chelsea.
Third Lanark	v.	Ayr United.
Hamilton Acas.	v.	Clyde.
Airdrieonians	v.	Falkirk.
Hearts	v.	Morton.
Clydebank	v.	Motherwell.

I enter this Competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special," 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, September 12.

Football Contest Result—Matches Played on September 1.

No one correctly forecasted all the results in this contest, but eight competitors submitted forms showing three errors each, and our consolation prize of £10 is therefore divided amongst them. Their names and addresses are:—John P. Cook, 23 Sanchie Village, by Alloa; A. Matthew, 44 Brechin Road, Arbroath; James Struthers, 16 Goldfrum Street, Dunfermline; S. Booth, 39 Morven House, Kinlochleven, Argyllshire; W. M. M'Lelland, 78 Coustonholm Road, Newlands, Glasgow; John Grady, Wattstown, by Airdrie; G. Little, 39 Helen Street, Govan; James Cochrane, 38 Back Main Street, Newton-on-Ayr, Ayrshire.

HISTORIC FOURSOME AT MONIFIETH.

Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, James Braid, and Alex. Herd gave an exhibition on Monifieth Course yesterday, the occasion being the opening of the Monifieth carnival in aid of War Funds.

There was no money in it for them, every cent received from the large crowd of spectators going to the coffers of the carnival.

Two matches were played, both of an international character. The first was a four-ball game—Vardon and Taylor (England) and Braid and Herd (Scotland). The honour in this encounter fell to the Englishmen, who finished one hole up. This match was played in the forenoon, and, bar putting, play throughout was of a machine-like character. The players found the greens extremely difficult to negotiate, this being due to the fact that rain fell during the morning, and continued until the fourth hole had been reached.

But the representatives of the "Land of the Heather" had their revenge in the afternoon, for in a two-ball match they won by three up and two to play. Therefore, on the whole day's fighting, the Scotsmen may be said to have come out slightly on top. The play in both matches was marked by extreme steadiness. Despite the fact that a heavy, blustering, westerly wind faced the players during the forenoon, the driving was marked by splendid consistency. Probably the most sensational feature of the match, and one which practically decided the victory for the Sassenachs, occurred at the twelfth hole. Braid had the nerve to miss a fifteen-inch putt.

The approximate scores for the forenoon match were:—

England—Out—444443435—35; in—344246544—36. Grand total, 71.

Scotland—Out—444453445—35; in—345445544—38. Grand total, 73.

After the interval the players were entertained at lunch in the Panmure Hotel, which was attended by a large number of the burgh's prominent golfers and golfing officials.

Prior to the start of the international two-ball foursome, which was played in bright sunshine, the four balls that had been used by the players in the forenoon were put up for auction. They had been signed by their respective owners, and realised a sum of £7 11s. Later several clubs and balls belonging to the visitors were also sold, and brought £6 11s.

The most brilliant effort of the day was perhaps made by Braid at the ninth hole in the afternoon. His ball was lying in the rough at the back of the green. Using a jigger, Jimmy holed out in four. At the turn the Scotsmen were two up, but this lead was reduced at the short thirteenth, where Vardon sank a six-foot putt for a two. But the Scots won the next couple in fine style, and a historic match ended at the sixteenth green in their favour by three up and two to play.

The approximate scores were:—

Scotland—Out—4 5 4 4 3 4 5 3 4—36.
England—Out—4 5 4 3 3 5 4 5—38.
Scotland—In—4 4 4 3 4 4—27.
England—In—4 4 4 2 5 5 4—28.

It is reported that the total proceeds for the day amount to fully £100.

BRIGHTON WINNERS.

2.0—TOWN PLATE—One and a Half Miles—1, Corydon (G. Hulme); 2, Green Falcon (A. Smith); 3, Puro (V. Smyth). 11 ran. Also ran—Sporting Parson (Welch), Hop Off (Colling), Dibdene (W. Earl), Filial (Fox), Old Blue (Piper), Ahaneek (C. Trigg), Meet Again (F. Rondigon), High Dutch (Challoner). Betting—Evens Puro, 2 to 1 Corydon, 7 to 1 Hop Off, 100 to 7 Green Falcon, 20 to 1 others. Won by six lengths; two between second and third.

2.30—AUTUMN HANDICAP—One Mile—1, Watergruel (V. Smyth); 2, Clap Gate (A. Smith); 3, Reprisal (Donoghue). 9 ran. Also ran—Baronvale (T. Burns), Hurry Along (R. Colling), Blueground (R. Cooper), Royal Bucks (T. Leader), Fleetwood (Fox), Canute (G. Hulme). Betting—Clap Gate 6 to 1, Royal Bucks 7 to 1, Watergruel 7 to 2, Reprisal 7 to 4, Blueground 8 to 1, 100 to 7 others. Won by a neck; one and a half lengths between second and third.

3.0—NURSERY HANDICAP—Five Furlongs 65 Yards—1, St Agnes' Eve (A. Smith); 2, Lady Lyn (T. Leader); 3, Elfin (V. Smyth). 11 ran. Also ran—Vaneda (C. Trigg), Varna (Wal Briggs), Aris (Coxon), Sherston (W. Smith), Valerose (W. Earl), Barcarole (Fox), Creme de Menthe (G. Hulme), Ring o' Roses (W. Baldwig). Betting—13 to 8 St Agnes' Eve, 6 to 1 Creme de Menthe, 7 to 1 Sherston, 10 to 1 Elfin, Lady Lyn, and Ring o' Roses; 20 to 1 others. Won by six lengths; three lengths between second and third.

3.30—NURSERY HANDICAP—Five Furlongs 66 Yards—1, Phrosie (Balding); 2, Lamb Mint (G. Hulme); 3, Cambria (P. Turner). 9 ran. Also ran Hacklina (A. Smith), Pollywin (T. Burns), Vanity Fair (R. Cooper), Cistern (T. Leader), Dilston (Fox), Twinling (Donoghue). Betting—5 to 2 Twinling, 5 to 1 Hacklina and Vanity Fair, 7 to 2 Lamb Mint, 7 to 1 Pollywin, 8 to 1 Phrosie, 10 to 1 Dilston and Cambria. Won by one length; one and a half lengths between second and third.

4.0—PORTSLADE PLATE—Five Furlongs—1, Cherokee (V. Smyth); 2, Pelopia (P. Jones); 3, Juan (T. Leader). 20 ran. Also ran—New York (R. Colling), Ronaldo (Trigg), Bayard (Foy), Cardington (East), Fakir III. (Wing), Castleton (Donoghue), Crosshea (Piggott), Pall Mall (Challoner), Nihilist (W. Earl), St Kilda (Cooper), Mascot (G. Hulme), Roggan (T. Burns), Xavier (A. Smith), Hainaby (Fox), Lady Randy (Robbins), Carton (Jenkins), My Ivy (Ashworth). Betting—3 to 1 Xavier, 8 to 1 St Kilda, 10 to 1 Pelopia, 100 to 6 Castleton, 100 to 7 New York, Fakir III., and Lady Randy, 100 to 8 Ronaldo, Crosshea, and Hainaby; 20 to 1 others. Won by two lengths; three-quarters of a length between second and third.

4.30—SHOREHAM PLATE—Six Furlongs—1, Kiladoon (T. Leader); 2, Jute (A. Smith); 3, Pamfleta (Donoghue). Also ran—Camp Kettle (P. Turner), Katydid (Fox), Scotch Broth (G. Hulme), Cadi (Wing), Pick'ny (V. Smyth), Voldy (P. Jones), Freshfield (R. Cooper). Betting—5 to 2 Pick'ny, 3 to 1 Jute, 5 to 1 Cadi, 6 to 1 Freshfield, 8 to 1 Kiladoon, 100 to 8 others. Won by three-quarters of a length; two lengths between second and third.

5.0—EGREMONT PLATE—One Mile and a Quarter—1, Maresado (V. Smyth); 2, Silver Saint (R. Watson); 3, Sirian (Donoghue). 7 ran. Also ran—Silver Wolf (A. Smith), Masch (R. Cooper), Tufa (T. Burns), Intervention (Challoner). Betting—6 to 5 on Sirian, 9 to 4 Silver Saint, 8 to 1 Tufa, 100 to 8 Silver Wolf, 20 to 1 others. Won by three lengths; four lengths between second and third.

AYR RACING.

On inquiry yesterday at the office of Mr D. W. Shaw, the clerk to the Western Meeting Executive, it was ascertained that a definite reply will be forthcoming on Monday or Tuesday in connection with the proposed racing fixture for Scotland at Ayr on the 29th September and the 1st October. Active negotiations took place in London during the week, as a result of which there is every reason to hope that the reply will be favourable. Racegoers in Ayrshire and the West of Scotland generally are eagerly expectant, and certainly their patience has been greatly tried during the past week or two. Viewed from any standpoint, Scotland has a claim to a fixture, and this those in authority have recognised.

CRICKET.

R. Macindoe's XI., 73, all out (W. Polkinghorn, 41); Poloo, 85 for three wickets, innings closed (B. H. Sandiford, 36; A. Black, 24). Played at Shawholm.

NEXT SATURDAY'S FANCIES.

Scottish League—Airdrie to beat Falkirk; Celtic to beat Thistle; Clydebank and Motherwell to draw; Dumbarton to beat Queen's Park; Hamilton Acas. to beat Clyde; Hearts to lose to Morton; Kilmarnock to beat St Mirren; Rangers to beat Hibs; Third Lanark to beat Ayr United.

English matches—Blackburn Rovers and Stockport to draw; Blackpool to beat Bury; Bolton Wanderers to lose to Liverpool; Everton to beat Burnley; Manchester City to beat Oldham; Portvale to beat Southport; Preston and Stoke to draw; Rochdale to beat Manchester Un.; Bradford City to lose to Leeds City; Grimsby to beat Barnsley; Huddersfield to lose to Leicester Fosse; Lincoln City to lose to Bradford; Notts County to beat Hull City; Rotherham to lose to Sheffield U.; Sheffield W. and Notts Forest to draw; West Ham to beat Clapton Orient; Fulham to beat Queen's Park R.; The Arsenal to beat Millwall; Brentford to beat Tottenham; Crystal Palace to lose to Chelsea.

Think of Your Country Cousin

IN country places, where women live healthy, outdoor lives, wear loose clothing, and take almost an equal part with men, they are pictures of health.

Simple living ensures sound kidneys, perfect blood filtering, and no uric acid trouble.

Uric acid in the blood causes backache, rheumatic and nervous troubles, headache, dizziness, "blues," urinary disorders and danger of gravel, dropsy, and Bright's disease.

When you have cause to suspect your kidneys, use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of women. And to get better and keep better, make it a point to get away from housework every day for a brisk walk. Drink more water, eat simpler food, and sleep more. Better health will make you a better daughter, wife, or mother.

The good Doan's Pills have done in Glasgow is proved again and again by messages of gratitude such as the one given here.

Send for Free Book on "Moderation, Cheerfulness, and Other Long Life Laws."

Glasgow Message.

On June 26th, 1914, Mrs J. Kane, of 69 Ure Street, Govan, Glasgow, said:—"I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for years. At one time I was unable to do any housework for several months. The joints of my hands, knees, and ankles were badly swollen and stiff. My hands became quite deformed. There were awful pains in my back, and the water was out of order.

"I spent pounds on different remedies, but got no permanent relief until I commenced with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. I was astonished at the effectiveness of the first box, and after giving the pills a thorough trial the rheumatism disappeared, the water was clear and natural, and I was enjoying excellent health. This is now four years ago, and I have never had any serious return of the complaint.

(Signed) "J. KANE."

On July 26th, 1916—*over two years later*—Mrs Kane said:—"My cure has been a permanent one, and I am keeping perfectly free from the rheumatism."

Be sure you ask for DOAN'S and get DOAN'S—the Pills Mrs. KANE had.

All dealers, or 2/9 a box, from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells St., Oxford St., London, W.1.

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills.

PAIN KILLED.

SIMPLE HOME REMEDY. Trial Package Free To-Day

Are you in pain? This is the question you will hear daily, and to be able to relieve pain, whether it be a slight nervous headache or the most excruciating sufferings of neuralgia or rheumatism, brings the height of pleasure to both patient and doctor.

Touching this point, Dr. Robbins says Antikamnia Tablets have become favourites with members of the medical profession, they are very reliable in all kinds of pain, and act at once.

Antikamnia Tablets never fail to give relief in all pains due to rheumatism, headache, sciatica, neuralgia, toothache, gout, and are especially useful for all conditions known as women's aches and pains.

Antikamnia Tablets are quite safe, and leave no unpleasant after-effects, and in 92 per cent. of all cases they stop the pain immediately.

TRIAL PACKAGES FREE.

10,000 packages of Antikamnia Tablets have been set aside for free distribution. If you will send your name and address (a postcard will do) to Antikamnia Dept. (A29), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., you will receive one of these presentation packages with interesting booklet absolutely free of charge.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

If your Chemist is sold out you can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to The Laboratory, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The marvellous specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—

—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED
—BLOOD SPITTING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH
—PNEUMONIA
—LARYNGITIS
—NIGHT SWEATS
—INFLUENZA
—DIFFICULT BREATHING
—QUINSY
—CROUP
—NASAL CATARRH
—RACKING COUGH
—CHOKING PHLEGM
—EMPHYSEMA

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"I SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from Lung Trouble and my doctor told me that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and miraculously saved his life.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mrs Spencer, of Manor Park, Ilford, Essex, has, exactly as thousands of others, suffered for years with not merely paroxysms of Asthma, but with continuous difficulty of breathing day and night, Winter and Summer, until life became almost unbearable. Medical aid failed, and at last she gave up hope; then it was she obtained a marvellous recovery, and this she will describe in her own words. "Knowing you wish to hear from those benefited by 'LIQUFRUTA,' I am writing to tell you what it has done for me. For years I have suffered most severely from Asthma, and always had to go to the Doctor all the year round, and still never seemed to get any better, but continually grew worse. I was staying at the seaside, and I met a lady by chance when on the front. She saw how terribly bad my breathing was, and prevailed upon me to try a bottle, which I did, although I must say I had no faith that anything could do me any good after years of fruitless doctoring. However, I took 'LIQUFRUTA,' and have never been bad since; in fact, I have been so much better that I have never had cause to go to the Doctors. I recommend 'LIQUFRUTA' to all my friends. Every word I say is true." Just as in the case of this lady, no matter how long you have suffered, no matter if the trouble is Consumption Bronchitis, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, or Whooping Cough, no matter how many remedies you may have tried without avail, "LIQUFRUTA," THE MIGHTY HEALER, will relieve or cure you if you will only give it a fair trial.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 560 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta
CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

Under the annuity fund formed in connection with a London textile house each member receives £10 on marriage.

"London hasn't been so well washed for months," said a policeman after the big storm.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1917.

General Sukhomlinoff, former Russian minister of War, who is being tried at Petrograd on charges alleging that he was responsible for Russian defeats and that he betrayed military secrets to Germany.

General Korniloff, who has made efforts to restore the fighting Russian Army and to extricate the the gravest position

THE TRAITORS OF RUSSIA.

How They Have Brought About Colossal Collapse—Intrigues of "Willy" and "Nicky."

BY EDGAR WALLACE.

This article, exclusively written by Mr Edgar Wallace for "The Post Sunday Special," gives a clear conception of Russia's position, the causes of the chaos, the effects of Germany's intrigues, and shows the only way of saving our unfortunate Eastern Ally.

TO understand the Russian situation you must also understand something of Russia's story during the past decade. You must go even further back and seek for the beginnings of the present amazing and seemingly inexplicable condition of chaos in the very cradle of Russia's history.

Russia was made a nation by three determined, cruel, and unscrupulous rulers.

The first of these was Ivan the Terrible, who by sheer terror created something like law and order out of a hundred warring and incompatible elements.

The second was Peter the Great, a boor, a drunkard, an intolerant tyrant who switched Russia from the east to the west.

Before Peter's time Russia was as eastern as Turkey. Russian women lived behind the terem veil, were never seen in society, and Russia's institutions did not differ in any great respect from the institutions of Turkey in its darkest days. Peter revolutionised Russia by ukase, and employed very simple measures. Roughly speaking, he forbade the customs of the country, and made compulsory all that had been taboo.

Ivan laid the foundations. Peter carried out the rough brick work of the structure, and it was left to Catherine, also a most unscrupulous woman, but even more shrewd than Peter, to put the finishing touches upon this new Empire, adding the ornamentations and the refinements which had been absent from Peter's scheme.

Countess Sophia Vosilchikoff, who was expelled from the Russian Court because she warned the Czarina of the danger of associating with German spies.

It was Peter, however, who framed Russia's foreign policy. Peter aimed at securing an ice-free port, a port into which ships could come all the year round, and not, as in the case of the Neva and of Archangel, where all entrance and egress is stopped for three or four months in the year by the ice. To the attainment of this port Russia has been fighting for two hundred years. She fought the Turk, she fought the Briton in the Crimea, she fought the Japanese in Manchuria. She intrigued, plotted, and schemed in the Balkans, in Persia, and in Turkey.

Peter's wise plan was unassailable in its logic. It was absurd that a great country like Russia should be icebound for a third of the year, and his successors who were heirs to his policy up till now have striven to secure a lodgement in Constantinople, which would give them a free outlet to the Mediterranean.

THE GERMAN HAS GRADUALLY CREPT INTO RUSSIA.

Thus we see why the governing classes were ripe for war. The people have always hated the German because the German has gradually crept into Russia, and has usurped for himself a power which rightly no foreigner should possess in any land other than his own. The army hated the German for other reasons. This hatred went back also for nearly two hundred years, when Peter the Third introduced German mercenaries and German systems into his army, and exalted the Teuton above the native soldier.

It was part of the policy of the reigning classes to encourage the growth of a pan-Slav movement. All the Slavonic or semi-Slavonic nations, which include the Serbs, the Bulgarians, and other Slavonic elements to be found in the Austro-German Empire, were regarded as "little brothers" of the Russian, and though they owed allegiance to other Sovereigns it was the object of Russia's policy to exercise not only authority, but a protective care over these elements, and to regard herself as their natural guardian.

Yet for all this seeming antagonism between the two races the German has penetrated so effectively not only into the commercial but into the political life of Russia that a curious situation was created. There were men in the Government, like Sukhomlinoff, the Minister of War, whose individual sympathies were entirely with Germany, and who was, if not in the pay, certainly under the influence of the German. There was a Czarina who was a Princess of Hesse, and frankly pro-German, and there were innumerable bureaucrats, the majority of whom were active agents for the German Empire.

On the other hand, there was the traditional policy of Russia, from which no Minister could depart since it was part of the national life, the pan-Slavic tradition, which had behind it the sanction of Russia, and there was in the army a memory of innumerable slights, of bitter rebuffs, and setbacks at the hands of the German General Staff which called for vengeance.

The Czar Nicholas, a weak man physically and morally, was entirely under the domination of his wife. Though a good patriot and a good Russian, with the same automatic veneration for the policy of his forefathers, he had nevertheless an extraordinary reverence for the Kaiser, very much the same kind of reverence that Peter the Third had for Frederick the Great.

The Kaiser, who knew intimately all that was occurring at the Russian Court, was not slow to take full advantage of this admiration. He went to work assiduously to cultivate the influence he exercised. In 1904 the Anglo-French Entente Cordiale was an established and an alarming fact. Threatened with a new coalition, William strove desperately to break up the combination before the Entente between France and Britain became a Triple Entente, which would include Russia. Russia was at war with Japan. Her Port Arthur fleet was either destroyed or blockaded, and a new battle fleet was organised at Petrograd, and was on the point of sailing through the Yellow Seas.

HOW GERMANY TRIED TO EMBROIL BRITAIN IN 1904.

German agents were set to work to spread stories of impending treachery on the part of the British. From one end of Russia to the other the rumour ran that the Russian Fleet was to be attacked in the North Sea by British destroyers under cover of the night, and these stories so worked upon the imagination of the Russian Admiral that when projecting the Dogger Bank on the night of October 3, 1904, his lookouts reported the presence of strange craft, he opened fire on these suspicious vessels, which were no other than innocent fishing craft going about their work, destroyed a few, killed a number of fishermen, and very nearly brought Britain into the war. There is more than a suspicion that the Admiral in question made this attack deliberately at German instigation, but that is not a point upon which one need dwell.

Europe was in an uproar. The United Kingdom was ablaze with wrath. Russia was equally smouldering with resentment and anger at the "Secret Attack" which Britain had planned, a story which was well believed by thousands of intelligent Russians. It was the opportunity that the Kaiser sought, and of which he resolved to make the fullest use.

Four days after the occurrence the Kaiser sent a long wire to the Czar designed to inflame Russia against this country. It pointed out that the British would refuse to coal the Russian Fleet, and that they had threatened Germany if she dared give coal, and that therefore Russia and Germany must stand together, and that France must be warned. The Czar replied eagerly and warmly to the suggestion with which William closed his telegram that the three Powers—Russia, France, and Germany—should stand together against Britain.

"I have no words to express my indignation with England's conduct," said the Czar—and I remark in passing that whenever there is anything unpleasant to be said about Great Britain we are always referred to as "England," a fact which invariably affords the easy-going English the greatest glee.

He endorsed the suggestion of a triple alliance against the "English and Japanese arrogance and insolence." He thought—it took him a month to come to this conclusion—that before signing the last draft the French should see the treaty. He changed his mind again and decided that the French ought not to see it, and here we may observe the influence of the Czarina.

William was overjoyed with this change

Madame Sukhomlinoff, wife of the General now on his trial in Petrograd. General Sukhomlinoff was 61 years of age when he married in 1910. His wife was formerly a typist in a notary's office in Kieff. At the trial it has been stated that since the war Madame Sukhomlinoff has been spending enormous sums of money.

of mind. He was obviously anxious that France should not see the treaty, for he evidently placed greater reliance upon the loyalty of the French to their new friends than did the Czar. The Kaiser accordingly wired:—

"Should France know that a Russo-German treaty is only projected and unsigned, she will immediately give short notice to her friend, if not secret ally, England, and inform her immediately."

As to what would be the consequence of that information being given the Kaiser had no doubt, and he wired:—

"Their enormous maritime superiority would soon make short work of my small fleet, and Germany would be temporarily crippled."

THE FRIENDSHIP OF "WILLY" AND "NICKY."

The treaty came to nothing; but it is fair to assume that the friendship (the telegrams were signed respectively "Willy" and "Nicky") between the eagle of Potsdam and the dove of Tsarkoe Selo were strengthened. Between 1904-5 and 1914 much occurred, but there was very little which changed the Czar's admiration for his great neighbour. Austria's ambitions in Serbia developed along normal lines. There came a point beyond which the Pan-Slav idea could not recede. To admit the encroachment of the Kaiser's friend at the expense of Russia's protegee was impossible.

Russia made war upon Germany automatically. The Czar hesitated and fumbled and hesitated again, but was finally compelled by his Ministers to affix his signature to the declaration. Sukhomlinoff and the pro-Germans made a show of supporting the army, but from the very beginning their object was to bring the war to an end. The Minister Stuermer, who was undoubtedly a German agent, was heart and soul with Sukhomlinoff in his policy. Their attitude might be comprehended in such a statement as this:—

"We did not want war with Germany. We were compelled to vindicate our principles by a declaration of war, and now that we have justified our policy in the eyes of the people, we must get out of the war with a semblance of inevitability."

They dare not make a separate peace—that would have separated Russia from further partnership with any European nation save Germany. Russia would have stood a perjured and a discredited nation. They must be technically beaten in the field, and Sukhomlinoff went to work systematically to bring about that defeat by holding up arms and munitions, by denying the army supplies, by every act of treachery to the army which Germany could suggest.

The War Minister knew in 1913 that Germany contemplated a declaration of war, and took no steps to prepare to meet the danger. After the declaration of war urgent remands for shells came flying into headquarters by the hundred, and the latter in its turn addressed General Sukhomlinoff to increase the output, and the Minister of War replied to all telegrams simply with reassuring promises without doing anything to met the situation or avert its terrible consequences. The soldiers perished in masses, and, in view of the utter impossibility of resisting the enemy, fled into the interior of the country. Knowing that the Russians had nothing with which to reply, the Germans frequently brought their guns close up to the Russian positions and bombarded them at close range, working terrible havoc in the Russian ranks.

STUERMER'S "MASTER STROKE."

The indomitable spirit of officers and men triumphed over these tragic deficiencies, and then it was that Stuermer decided upon his master stroke. He was Premier and (supported by the Czarina) all-powerful, and in his hands were the negotiations with Roumania, which early in 1916 had decided to come into the war on the side of the Entente. Roumania designed her entrance late in the year, but Stuermer insisted upon the declaration being made in August, knowing that Roumania would not then be ready. Stuermer promised the support of a large number of Russian divisions, with adequate artillery, and, further, informed the Roumanian Government that he had had information from Bulgaria to the effect that when Roumania came in Bulgaria would go out.

In consequence the Roumanian General Staff concentrated their forces on the northern frontiers, and left the Dobrudja, the point at which the Bulgarian attack might have been expected, wholly unguarded. Roumania had not been at war for three weeks before it became evident that she had been betrayed. The promised Russian divisions did not materialise. It was Stuermer's idea that Roumania should retire to the line of the Sereth, that the country should be overrun, and that this should form an excuse for Russia concluding a separate peace. He was denounced in the Duma and fell, and immediately plotted a spurious revolution which should give the Government an excuse for dealing with the unrest which undoubtedly had been generated by the misgovernment of Russia and particularly by the handling of food supplies, but this also was nipped in the bud, for the spirit of revolution had already permeated the army, with results which we know.

With the growth of the revolution to its present dimensions, with the disappearance of the old governing class and its traditions, disappeared also the basic excuse for war with Germany. The ignorant proletariat see no reason for an ice-free port. They live entirely in the present. They see in the pan-Slav movement nothing but a responsibility, and grow "sectionally selfish" so that not only do they abandon the Slavs beyond their frontiers, but they are prepared to abandon all the rest of Russia outside of the narrow provinces in which they have set up local governments.

The pacifist has a fairly easy task with the people, but, unfortunately for the pacifist, a new governing class has come into being which recognises the wisdom of the old objectives and does not dismiss them because they were a part of the policy of hateful reactionaries. Kerensky, a Socialist, imbued, as he certainly is, with patriotic motives hesitates, however, to go all the way with the army commanders, who are all for the reintroduction of violent methods to restore what is virtually an autocracy—a disciplined army can be no less. They are seeking democratic system of control which will inspire every individual soldier with a sense of his responsibility to an intelligent whole. But obviously such a miracle cannot be looked for. Russia to-day is suffering from a diffusion of material incentives.

Whilst it was under a common plan of carrying out one common plan of aggrandisement of Russia and the security of its future by the acquisition of a warm sea route to its shores, welded together by a reverence for a supernatural being which was the "Czar" it was strong and invincible, in spite the treachery of its servants.

DROPPING FURTHER BACK INTO CHAOS.

To-day where millions of men are planning for their own military advantage, and where millions are obeying the first law of nature, which is self-preservation, without reference to patriotism or the greater and more glorious needs of posterity, Russia drops farther and farther back into chaos and makes it more and more inevitable that Czardom will be re-established, for there is nothing more certain than this, that out of Russian chaos will spring a tyrant who will re-establish the old order.

Russia is enjoying "freedom." "Freedom" is a word which epitomises the enjoyment of desirable conditions which have been forbidden under an earlier regime. It amounts to the fact that there are doing the things which they were forbidden to do under Czardom. For this reason they are holding interminable public meetings, are forming committees which were prohibited in the old days, are taking a share in public work, which was denied them twelve months ago.

THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE RUSSIA.

Unfortunately they have not yet discovered the margin between the possible authority which Governments can exercise and the illegal authority which runs

M. Stuermer, ex-Premier of Russia, has just died. He was one of the traitors of his country, was imprisoned at the revolution.

arrogate to themselves. It is proper to order a soldier to carry out a certain duty just as it is improper in our large sense of freedom to prohibit the free expression of his political opinions. An ignorant people who discovered they can reverse one condition have proceeded to reverse all, and just as they have discovered that they might speak in public and say pretty much what they wished, so they also discovered that the soldier need not carry out his instructions.

To all the "leaders" who secured their view they have offered their allegiance, but there has grown up side by side with the Provisional Government and under Government in the Committee of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, the Soviet which has exploited the passions of the mob, and has carried its pernicious views of discipline into the army itself.

There still remains a very strong nucleus of loyalty in the Russian Army which will sooner or later be sorted out and welded into a mass for the suppression of anarchy idealism. That process may take a long time, but this is certain that while Russia continues in the war or whether she goes out Russia will never recover her nationality or become again a great force save through violence

COLD STORES & CUSTOM OFFICES.
ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. KNOWN AS WHITE CHURCH.
CASTLE & BARRACKS PRISON BEHIND.
BRITISH CHURCH (ST. SAVIOUR'S).
MARKET PLACE ALL ALONG THE QUAY. SHIPPING OFFICES & COMMERCIAL HOUSES.
ST PETERS GERMAN CHURCH.
RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL
MARKET PLACE & SHIPPING OFFICES; IN THE REAR SPIRE OF POST OFFICE.
DOM GERMAN CHURCH & MUSEUM.
DISTANCE TO PETROGRAD 350 MILES. SIXTEEN HOURS RAILWAY JOURNEY. TWO TRUNK RAILWAYS FROM RIGA—ONE TO PETROGRAD THE OTHER TO DVINSK.
RIVER DUNA— FROZEN FOUR MONTHS OF THE YEAR. RIGA ONE HOURS SAIL FROM GULF OF RIGA & A DAYS SAIL TO BALTIC.
RIGA—PORT AND CITY OF RUSSIAN EMPIRE. IMPORTS: IRON, PIANOS, COTTON, MACHINERY & COAL. EXPORTS: TIMBER, FLAX, CEREALS ETC.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF RIGA, WHICH HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE GERMANS.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD

GREAT DEEDS OF NEW SCOTTISH V.C.s.

CLASGOW OFFICER, SIX TIMES WOUNDED, FOILS ENEMY ATTACK.

.S.B. SERGEANT CAPTURES SIXTY PRISONERS—SEAFORTH'S AMAZING FEAT OF ENDURANCE.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

IEUTENANT J. R. NOBLE GRAHAM.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

dand has three more heroes on the roll. Two of these belong to Glasgow utenant John Reginald Noble Graham, ll and Sutherland Highlanders, whose r is a well-known business gentleman city, and Acting C.S.M. John Skinwho resides in Pollokshields. The other ish recipient is Sergeant Alexander rds, Seaforth Highlanders, a native of emouth.

Ve are all proud of Reggie Graham, as a fine lad in civil life. Now he has d himself a distinguished soldier."

s was the tribute paid by one of the r Line officials to Lieutenant John ald Noble Graham, who was employed office at Glasgow when he joined the rs

gallant officer is the eldest son of Mr Mrs Fred Graham, Cameron House, h, Lochlomondside, and a grandson John H. N. Graham, of Larbert.

distinguished officer's father, Mr Fred m, was in London when news reached f the honour which had come the way son. Mr Graham is justly proud of y, and cherishes the official announcein which the officer commanding the ent describes the lieutenant's gallantry.

"In a Bit of a Blue Funk."

eggie is a charming lad," said a perfriend of the lieutenant to a "Post y Special" representative. "I have ed some very fine letters from him, eyond saying he was in a bit of a blue t the time he distinguished himself no nce was made to the daring exploit has brought him the Victoria Cross. as I know, he had no special liking oldiering in the days when we were to enjoy peace. But when he joined rgyll and Sutherland Highlanders he en to get away, and it was this desire ch the battlefield that prompted him to ached to the Machine Gun Section."

his most conspicuous bravery, coolnd resource when in command of a e Gun Section that is now officially ised. Lieutenant Graham accomhis guns across open ground, under eavy rifle and machine gunfire, and his men became casualties he assisted ying the ammunition.

ough twice wounded he continued the advance to control his guns, and ble with one gun to open an accurate n the enemy, who were massing for a r-attack. This gun was put out of by the enemy's rifle fire, and he was wounded. The advancing enemy him to retire, but before doing so he disabled his gun, rendering it useless. then brought a Lewis gun into action xcellent effect till all the ammunition xpended. He was again severely ed and forced, through loss of blood, re, but before doing so he took the out of the gun. These, by the way, fterwards found in his pocket. Dur- trying ordeal he received no fewer ix wounds. His valour and skilful ng of his guns held up a strong r-attack, which threatened to roll up ft flank of the Brigade, and thus d what might have been a very critiuation.

t. Graham is again feeling well, and present with a Machine Gun Corps preparing to render further service country.

ASGOW SERGT. TAKES SIXTY PRISONERS.

ero of Many Campaigns.

many days ago, public attention was by the story of a remarkable exerformed by a K.O.S.B. sergeant, as ed by an appreciative war corresnt who chanced to pick it up from the whirling tide of strife along the front. Although the K.O.S.B. 's name was not then given; the veil w been lifted to reveal the identity e heroic soldier, by the official ement of the award of the Victoria to Acting Coy.-Sergt.-Major J. K. King's Own Scottish Borderers.

The correspondent described the episode in the following terms:—"I have just heard of an exploit which took place during the fighting along the Westhole Ridge which admirably illustrates the spirit of our men. A sergeant of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, whose previous record is eloquently written upon his sleeve in the form of five wound stripes, went forward alone to reconnoitre a concreted machine gun post which had given a lot of trouble. After a considerable time he reappeared, laboriously carrying two machine guns, one under each arm, and followed by the whole garrison of the place as prisoners, consisting of one officer and 36 other ranks. He explained that there remained four machine guns in the place, which our men could either destroy or use when they got it, but that he did not like to come back without some trophies."

But, apparently the war correspondent did not get the full story of the daring sergeant's act, as the official "Gazette" account of the deed for which the Cross was awarded, after narrating the taking of "the first blockhouse single-handed" goes on to state that he led six of his men "towards other two blockhouses" and "skilfully cleared them," the final count of his trophies being "60 prisoners, three machine-guns, and two trench mortars."

Glasgow is justifiably proud of the story, for the new V.C. is the second son of Mr and Mrs W. C. Skinner, 263 Maxwell Road, Pollokshields.

Enlisting in the K.O.S.B. when only about sixteen years of age, he served in the South African War (1899-1902), for which he possesses the Queen Victoria and the King's medals, and was thrice wounded during that campaign. At the close of the South African War he proceeded to India with his battalion.

Six Times Wounded.

When the present war broke out Company Sergeant-Major Skinner landed in France early in August, 1914, with the original British Expeditionary Force. Just on three years ago he gained the D.C.M. for conspicuous gallantry while reconnoitring a wood under heavy fire. He was wounded on this occasion.

Returning to the front, he was again wounded, and shortly afterwards was sent out to take part in the Gallipoli Peninsula campaign, in which he sustained a third wound. After the withdrawal from Gallipoli the gallant sergeant-major again found himself on the soil of France.

While performing the feat of gallantry which has gained him the noblest of all British decorations, Sergeant-Major Skinner was slightly wounded on the head, but was able to resume duty after spending six days in the casualty clearing station.

During this war the Pollokshields V.C. has now sustained no fewer than six wounds, and an intimate friend told a "Post Sunday Special" representative that when last home on leave he preferred to go about the city in his civilian suit, as the number of paralleled strips of gold braid on his tunic sleeve invariably attracted attention wherever he went, and the sergeant-major found this source of admiring comment rather embarrassing at times. He is now due another period of home leave, and may be home shortly.

Sergeant-Major Skinner's reticence as to his own experiences at the front is particularly marked in his letters home, and only from comrades home on leave did his parents learn that their son had again distinguished himself recently, and was expected to receive the V.C. It is a remarkable fact that after he had been awarded the D.C.M. he was twice home on leave before Mr and Mrs Skinner chanced to discover that he possessed this decoration.

CROWDED HOURS OF VALOUR.

Lossiemouth Sergeant's Amazing Courage.

Lossiemouth, Saturday.

It is only in keeping with the glorious achievements of the Morayshire Seaforths during the past two and a half years, that one of their number, Sergeant Alexander Edwards, of Lossiemouth, should now be enrolled in the growing company of Victoria Cross heroes.

The son of a fisherman, one of the splendid type of man to be found all along the Morayshire coast, the gallant sergeant was among the first Lossiemouth men to join up, becoming a Kitchener recruit when our so-called "contemptibles" were fighting with their backs to the wall at Mons and Le Cateau.

Sergeant Edwards has played his part well since then, and the act—or rather, series of acts—which won for him the V.C. stamps him at once as a hero soldier of extraordinary mettle.

What crowded hours of heroism are revealed by the announcement of his deeds, even as baldly rendered in the official Gazette? First of all, this splendid Scot from Morayshire led a party against a concealed enemy machine gun, surprised the Germans, killed the party, and captured the gun. Then, although badly wounded in the arm, he stalked a sniper who was causing casualties among our men, and, tracking him down, avenged his comrades' fall.

That, one might think, would have been sufficient one day, but Sergeant Edwards is no ordinary hero. Taking the place of his officers, who had been killed or wounded, Edwards led his men forward, and carried an important position, all the while being exposed to the greatest danger, owing to his daring reconnaissance work. And on the following day, although twice wounded, he, by his coolness and complete disregard of his personal safety, inspired his men, and "engendered in them," as the Gazette says, "a fine fighting spirit."

Sergeant Edwards has seen a lot of scrapping since he went out to France a year ago in May. Though in several heavy engagements, and in many a tight corner, he escaped scatheless, and his health remained good until October, 1916, when he was compelled to give in through severe throat trouble. A sojourn of six weeks in an hospital at Ealing, London, put him in the best of form again, and after a week or two's sick leave, spent on his "native heath," he joined his reserve battalion.

In June last a draft of Seaforths was formed for active service, and at the last moment in was found that an additional N.C.O. was required. Sergeant Edwards immediately volunteered, with the result that he was able to take part in the big fight of 31st July, when he performed the deeds of valour already described.

ABERDEEN SHERIFF'S WARNING.

FALSE BIRTH REGISTRATION CASE.

Aberdeen, Saturday.

Jessie Mitchell Jamieson or Booth, a delicate-looking woman, dressed in black, was charged before Sheriff Laing at Aberdeen Sheriff Court to-day with having made a false declaration when registering her illegitimate child.

According to Mr G. M. Aitken, advocate, who represented accused, she was 32 years of age, and had three of a family. Her husband joined the army in 1915, and went to France in November of that year. He was last at home in January, 1916, and accused gave birth to a child on May 23 of this year. She registered the child as the lawful child of her husband. The only explanation was that she wanted to conceal her misconduct. For the past twelve months she had been in very poor health, and had been in the Royal Infirmary.

Mr MacLennan, Fiscal, said he was informed that the husband had forgiven accused, and that the reputed father of the child—an old man—died some time ago.

The Sheriff said accused's was a somewhat deplorable case. If offences of this nature under present national circumstances became common he thought it not improbable that offenders would be sent to prison without the option of a fine. He imposed a penalty of £4. The fine was paid in Court.

COLLIERY ENGINEMEN'S DISPUTE.

NOTICES TO BE WITHDRAWN.

Motherwell, Saturday Night.

At a largely-attended and very enthusiastic meeting of colliery enginemen, held in the Masonic Hall, Motherwell, to-night, Mr Robert Shirkie, secretary of the Scottish Enginemen, reported that negotiations had taken place in London between the Coal Controller and representatives of the Coal National Federation of Colliery Enginemen and Boilermen's Association with reference to the demand of 1s per shift war bonus and an increase of 25 per cent. on present wages.

The matter had been before a meeting in Glasgow of the Executive, which had considered the Coal Controller's offer of a war bonus of 1s 3d per shift, to take effect on Monday next, and the Executive recommended that the strike notices be withdrawn. This decision was received with acclamation.

PERTH DYERS' STRIKE.

PROPOSAL TO RESUME WORK.

MR HODGE'S STRONG RECOMMENDATION.

London, Saturday.

The following official information was issued from the Press Bureau this afternoon:—

The Minister of Labour had a long interview this morning with Mr Albert Pullar, the managing director of Pullar's Dye Works, and Mr Brown, the manager, as the result of which a conference is to be held at the Station Hotel, Perth, on Monday, September 24.

The Duke of Atholl, who has taken a very great interest in this dispute, will preside.

The employers will select representatives up to the number of six, and the workpeople are to appoint six representatives, who may be trade unionists or non-trade unionists, and may include persons not employed by the firm.

It is expected that work will be resumed on Wednesday, September 19, at 10 a.m., and the Minister strongly urges that this arrangement should be loyally accepted by both sides in the hope that it will bring this unfortunate dispute to an end.

TERMS ACCEPTABLE TO WORKERS.

Perth, Saturday Night.

The intimation that the dyers' strike was on a fair way towards a settlement was received with general satisfaction in Perth to-night.

Mr Hayhurst (Dyers' Union) and Mr Albert Pullar (of Messrs J. Pullar & Sons) were summoned to London, and a conference took place at the Ministry of Labour.

Mr Pullar again visited the Ministry of Labour to-day, and when final adjustments are made to certain proposals, as a result of the conference between representatives of the employees and employers, it is understood that the offer to be made will be acceptable to the workers.

The terms of the agreement have not as yet transpired, but it is believed that the new conditions of labour include increased wages.

A second effort by the Drumpellier Golf Club to raise funds for the benefit of the Red Cross has resulted in a net sum of £63 being collected.

Three of Scotland's latest V.C.s—Pte. George M'Intosh, Buckie (on left); Acting C.S.M. John Skinner, Pollokshields; and Sergt. Alexander Edwards, Lossiemouth, (inset).

GREAT DEEDS OF SCOTTISH V.C.s—Continued.

PRESENTATION TO BUCKIE V.C.

May be Decorated by the King in Glasgow.

Buckie, Saturday.

This afternoon Pte. M'Intosh, the Buckie V.C., who was employed in Messrs Jones' sawmill here, was made the recipient of a purse of £50 from his employers.

Mr Samuel, manager, said they were justly proud of their former co-worker, who had gained the greatest honour the country could give, and at a very early age. The hero returned thanks for the gift in a word.

The King may decorate Pte. M'Intosh at Glasgow this week.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Edinburgh Autumn holiday is to be held on Monday.

Yesterday Greenock held a street collection for the Red Cross.

Capt. Robert L. Hannah, H.L.I., second son of Mr D. Hannah, Manor Street, Falkirk, has been awarded the Military Cross.

Armadale Horticultural Society held their annual show in the Town Hall yesterday, when a sum of £10 was raised for the Red Cross.

Saddler William Stirling, Rothesay, and Driver Duncan Weir, Millport, have been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry in France.

Private James Barbour, Seaforth Highlanders, was killed on the 31st July. He was well known in Helensburgh, where he had been in business as a grocer.

Mr Dunlop, Methil, has been appointed manager of Buckhaven Co-Operative Society in succession to Mr D. Cook, who has accepted a similar appointment in Dumfries.

For conspicuous gallantry at Salonika the Military Medal has been won by Corporal John Scott, A. and S. H., son of Mr and Mrs James Scott, Brandon Tower, Hamilton.

Captain Rev. A. H. Forbes, senior chaplain with the forces in France, has been awarded the Military Cross for distinguished service. Captain Forbes is parish minister for Cawdor, Nairnshire.

Dundee received a large number of wounded soldiers yesterday morning (160), all cot cases, for the various hospitals in the district. This is the largest consignment Dundee has ever received.

The sum of £23 14s 4d was realised yesterday by the Arbroath Bowling Club, at a Gala day, on behalf of war funds. This brings the club's total contribution to war funds for the season to £62.

Mr Robert Muir, who has been elected President of the North British Association of Gas Managers, is manager for Galston Gas Light Company. He has held the position of manager for the past twenty-five years.

Private Andrew Houston, R.A.M.C., formerly organist in Galston E.U. Congregational Church, has been presented with a gold watch and fountain pen on behalf of the congregation in recognition of his past services.

The miners employed at the Palace Colliery, Hamilton, have presented Lce.-Cpl. Roderick Mackenzie, Royal Engineers, with a gold watch and a purse of Treasury notes in recognition of his having won the Military Medal.

The Dumbarton Cadets were inspected in St James' Park yesterday by Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Thomson. There were 180 on parade. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomson, in an address to the boys, complimented them on their smartness.

Miss Gardner, who has acted as commandant to the V.A.D. on duty at the Helensburgh Red Cross Hospital, has volunteered and been appointed to superintend similar work in France. She left yesterday to take up her new duties.

Mr Jas. A. Seddon, ex-M.P., past president of the Trades Union Congress, was advertised to address a meeting of discharged and disabled fighting men at the Mound, Edinburgh, yesterday afternoon, but he failed to put in an appearance.

The time-honoured Moss of Balloch Fair was held yesterday on the field adjoining the Loch Lomond Park at the foot of Loch Lomond. Ideal weather prevailed, and the fair was largely attended by people from the Vale of Leven, Renton, and Dumbarton districts.

Before Sheriff Smith, at Selkirk, R. A. Anderson, textile teacher, St Andrew Street, Galashiels, was charged with being an absentee under the Military Service Act. He pleaded not guilty, and his trial was fixed for Wednesday first. Accused was liberated on bail of £5.

Private George Hutchison, Cameron Highlanders, who was captured at the battle of Loos, is one of the repatriated prisoners of war from Switzerland, and has now arrived home in Paisley. He is a son of ex-Bailie Hutchison, Abbey Street, Paisley, and he joined the colours at the outbreak of war.

Dumbarton Cadet Battalion (1st A. and S.H.) were inspected yesterday afternoon at St James' Park, Dumbarton, in favourable weather. Two hundred youths were on parade, commanded by Major Hodder, Dumbarton. They were headed by the pipe band, and the inspecting officer was Lieut.-Colonel Hanson, of the 42d Divisional Training Centre.

The wedding took place yesterday in Nairn Parish Church, of Captain Sydney Hastings Binwash, Canadian Forestry Battalion, Nairn, and Miss Ella Mary Sinclair, Nairn. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of spectators including many brother officers from the various camps in the district.

Official intimation was yesterday received in Arbroath that Lance-Corporal Steven Carrie, Royal Scots, whose wife and parents reside in Arbroath, was killed by shell on the 8th September. Lance-Corporal Carrie enlisted about 18 months ago, and has been at the front for a year. He was 25 years of age, and leaves a widow and two children.

There has been reported to the police of Dunoon the sudden death of an English visitor to the town, Mr Rakeshaw, who belongs to Blackburn. Deceased had only arrived in the town the night before, and he put up at M'Coll's Hotel, West Bay. He proceeded to bed, and the next morning he was found dead in bed. Deceased was sixty-nine years of age.

Adventures of a Glasgow Airman. **Begin This Exclusive Series To**

TAM O' THE SCOUTS

LIFE WITH THE FLYING MEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By EDGAR WALLACE, The Famous War Correspondent, Author of "THE JOCKS AT THE FRONT."

TO-DAY we commence the first intimate record to be published of the doings of our aviators on the Western Front. Mr Edgar Wallace, who is writing this series exclusively for "The Post Sunday Special," has had exceptional facilities for studying the magnificent work of the flying men. The central figure is a Glasgow pilot who, by reason of his happy-go-lucky character, and his many daring feats in bringing Hun airmen down, is the "mascot and standard" of a certain wtng of the R.F.C. in France.

LIEUT. BRIDGEMAN had gone out over the German line and strafed a depot. He stayed a while to locate a new gun position, and was caught between three strong batteries of "Archies" (anti-aircraft guns).

"Reports?" said the wing commander. "Well, Bridgeman isn't back, and Tam said he saw him nose-dive behind the German trenches."

So the report was made to headquarters, and headquarters sent forward a long account of air fights for publication in the day's communique, adding—"One of our machines did not return."

"But I doubt if he's killed," said Tam. "He flattened out before he reached earth, an' flew around a bit. Will ye no' ask Mr Lasky, sir; he's just in."

Mr Lasky was a bright-faced lad, who in ordinary circumstances might have been looking forward to his leaving book from Eton, but had now to his credit divers bombed dumps and three enemy airmen.

He met the brown-faced, red-haired, awkwardly-built youth whom all the Flying Corps called "Tam."

"Ah, Tam," said Lasky reproachfully, "I was looking for you—I wanted you badly."

Tam chuckled.

"I thought so," he said, "but I wasna so far from the aerodrome when yon chap chased ye— "

"I was chasing him!" said the indignant Lasky.

"Oh, ay!" replied the other sceptically, "and were ye wantin' the Scout to help ye chase one poor wee Hun? Sir, I think shame on ye for misusin' the poor laddie!"

"There were four," protested Lasky.

"And yer gun jammed, I'm thinkin', so wi' rare presence o' mind ye stood up in the fusilage an' hit the nearest representative o' the Imperial German Air Service a crack over the head wi' a spanner!"

A little group began to form at the door of the messroom, for the news that Tam the Scout was "up" was always sufficient to attract an audience. As for the victim of Tam's irony, his eyes were dancing with glee.

"Dismayed or frightened by this apparition o' the super-man o' the air," continued Tam, in the monotonous tone he adopted when he was evolving one of his romances, "the enemy fled, emittin' sparks an' vapour to hide them from the vigilant eye o' young Mr Lasky, the Boy Avenger, or the Terror o' the Firmament. They darted hither and thither, wi' their remorseless pursuer on their heels, an' the sinister sound o' his bullets whistlin' in their lugs. One by one the enemy is defeated, fallin' like Lucifer in a flamin' shroud. Suddenly Mr Lasky turns verra pale. Heavens! A thought has struck him. Where is Tam the Scout? The horror o' the thought leaves him breathless, an' back he turns, an' like a hawk dips swiftly but gracefully into the aerodrome—saved!"

"Bravo, Tam!" They gave him his due reward with great handclapping, and Tam bowed left and right, his forage cap in his hand.

"Folks," he said, "ma next performance will be duly announced."

Tam came from the Clyde. He was not a shipbuilder, but was the assistant of a man who ran a garage and did small repairs. Nor was he, in the accepted sense of the word, a patriot, because he did not enlist at the beginning of the war. His boss suggested he should, but Tam went into a shipyard, and was "badged and reserved." He had reasons for doing this. His father, a shipyard worker, was in failing health. Two brothers had joined the navy, and another was in the Scottish Rifles. Therefore Tam felt that he must stay behind to help his mother. However, Tam was combed out of that, and he went to another factory, making a false statement to secure the substitution of the badge he had lost. He went into lodgings, as his work was a big distance from his home. One day his landlord, who had two sons fighting, suggested to Tam that though he'd hate to lose a good lodger he didn't think the country ought to lose a good soldier.

Tam changed his lodgings.

He moved to Glasgow, and was insulted by a fellow-workman with the name of coward. Tam hammered his fellow-workman insensible, and was fired from his job.

Every subterfuge, every trick, every evasion and excuse he could invent to avoid service in the army he invented. He simply did not want to be a soldier. He did not think that anybody wanted him to be a soldier. He believed most passionately that the war had been started with the sole object of affording his enemies opportunities for annoying him.

HOW TAM JOINED THE FLYING CORPS.

Then one day he had been sent on a job to an aerodrome workshop. He was a clever mechanic, and he had mastered the intricacies of the engine which he was to repair in less than a day.

He went back to his work very thoughtfully, and the next Sunday he bicycled to the aerodrome in his best clothes, and renewed his acquaintance with the mechanics.

Within a week he was wearing the double breasted tunic of the higher life. He was not a good or a tractable recruit. He hated discipline, and regarded his superiors as less than equals but he was an enthusiast.

When Pangate (which is in the south of England) sent for pilots and mechanics, he accompanied his officer, and flew for the first time in his life.

In the old days he could not look out of a fourth floor window without feeling giddy; he flew over England at a height of 6000 feet, and was sorry when the journey came to an end. In a few months he was a qualified pilot, and might, had he desired, have received a commission.

"Thank ye, sir," he said to the commandant, "but I'm no' gentry. Ma faither wasna a believer in education, an' whilst other laddies were livin' on meal at the University I was earnin' ma salt at the Govan Iron Works. I'm no' a society man, ye understand—I'd be usin' the wrong knife tc eat with, an' that would bring the corps into disrepute."

His education had, as a matter of fact been a remarkable one. From the time he could read he had absorbed every boy's book that he could buy or borrow. He told a friend of mine that when he enlisted he handed to the care of an acquaintance over six hundred paper-covered volumes which surveyed the world of adventure, from the Nevada of Deadwood Dick to the Australia of Jack Harkaway. He knew the stories by heart, their phraseology, and their construction, and was wont at times, half in earnest, half in dour fun (at his own expense) to satirise everyday adventures in the romantic language of his favourite authors.

THE SAFEST AND MOST DARING OF THE SCOUTS.

He was regarded as the safest, the most daring, the most venomous of the scouts—those swift-flying spitfires of the clouds—and enjoyed a fame amongst the German airmen which was at once flattering and ominous. Once they dropped a message into the aerodrome. It was short and humorous, but there was enough truth in the message to give it a bite:—

"Let us know when Tam is buried, we would a wreath subscribe.
"Officers, German Imperial Air Service, Section ——."

Nothing ever so pleased Tam as this unsolicited testimonial to his powers.

He purred for a week. Then he learned from a German prisoner that the author of the note was the flyer of a big aviatik, and went and killed him in fair fight at a height of 2000 feet.

"It was an engrossin' an' thrillin' fight," explained Tam. "The blood was coursin' in ma veins, ma heart was fairly palpitatin'. Round an' round we circled, now above, now below the other. With superb resolution Tam o' the Scouts nose-dived for the wee chap's tail, loosin' a drum at the puir body as he endeavoured to escape the lightnin' swoop o' the intrepid Scotsman!

"Wi' matchless skill, Tam o' the Scouts banked over, an' brought the gallant miscreant to terra firma, puir laddie! If he'd kept ben the hoose he widna be lyin' dead the nicht. God rest him!"

TAM ABOVE THE GERMAN LINES.

You might see Tam in the early morning, when the world was dark and only the flashes of guns revealed the rival positions, poised in the early sun 14,000 feet in the air, a tiny spangle of white smaller in magnitude than the fading stars. He seemed motionless, though you knew that he was travelling in big circles at seventy miles an hour.

He was above the German lines, and the fleecy bursts of shrapnel and the darker patches where high explosive shells were bursting beneath him advertised alike his temerity and the indignation of the enemy.

What was Tam doing there so early in the morning?

There had been a big raid in the dark hours, a dozen bombing machines had gone buzzing eastwards to a certain railway station where the German troops waited in readiness to reinforce either A or B fronts If you looked long you saw the machines returning, a group of black specks in the morning sky. The Boches' scouts are up to attack — the raiders go serenely onward, leaving the exciting business of duel a l'outrance to the nippy fighting machines which fly above each flank. One such fighter throws himself at three of the enemy, diving, banking, climbing, circling, and all the time firing "ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka" through his propellers.

The fight is going badly for the bold fighting machine, when suddenly, like a hawk, Tam o' the Scouts sweeps upon his prey. One of the enemy sideslips, dives, and streaks to the earth, leaving a cloud of smoke to mark his unsubstantial path. As for the others, they bank over and go home, lamely in the case of one which falls in spirals within the enemy's lines. Rescuer and rescued land together. The fighting machine pilot is Lieutenant Burnley, the observer (shot through the hand but cheerful) Captain Forsyn.

"Did ye' no' feel a sense o' gratitude to the Almighty when you knew it was Tam sittin' aloft like a wee angel?"

"I thought it was a bombing machine that had come back," said Burnley untruthfully.

TAM AS A SATIRIST.

"Did ye hear that, sirs?" demanded Tam wrathfully. "For a grown officer an' gentleman holdin' the certificate o' the Royal Flyin' Corps to think ma machine was a bomber! Did ye look up an' see me? Did ye no' turn thankfully to yer observer when, wi' a hurricane roar, the Terror o' the Air hurtled across the sky—'Saved!' ye said to yersel, 'saved! an' by Tam! What can I do to show ma appreciation o' the hero's devotion? Why!' ye said to yersel' suddenly, 'why! I'll gie him a box o' cigars sent to me by ma rich uncle in Glesca'!"

"You can have two cigars, Tam. I'll see you to the devil before I give you any more. I only had fifty in the first place."

"Twa's no' many," said Tam calmly, "but I've nae doot I'll enjoy them wi' my educated palate better than you, sir. Cigars are for men, an' no' for bairns, an' ye'd save yerself an awful feelin' o' sickness if ye ga'e me the hale lot."

Tam lived with the men; he had the rank of sergeant, but he was as much "Tam" to the private mechanic as he was to the officers. His pay was good and sufficient. He had shocked that section of the Corps Comforts Committee which devoted its energies to the collection and despatch of literature by requesting that an effort should be made to keep him supplied "with the latest bloods." A member of the committee with a sneaking regard for this type of literature took it upon himself to ransack London for Penny Dreadfuls, and Tam received a generous stock with regularity.

"I'm no' so fond o' the new style," he said. "The detective story is verra good in its way, but I prefer descriptions o' how that grand man Deadwood Dick foiled the machinations of Black Peter, the Scourge of Hell Canyon. I've nae sort o' use for the new kind o' stories—the love stories aboot money. You know the sort—Harold is feelin' fine an' anxious about Lady Gwendoline's birth mark; is she the rightful heir? Oh, Heaven help me to solve the mystery! (To be continued in our next.) I'm all for blood, an' fine laddies with a six-shooter in every hand an' a bowie knife in their teeth. It's no' so intellectual, but, man, it's mair human!"

TAM TACKLES ENEMY RAIDING SQUADRON.

Tam was out one fine spring afternoon in a one-seater Morane. He was on guard, watching over the welfare of two "spotters" (scouting machines) who were correcting the fire of a "grandmother" (guns of the largest calibre) battery. There was a fair breeze blowing from the east, and it was bitterly cold, but Tam, in his leather jacket, muffled to the eyes, and with his hands in fur-lined gloves, and the warmth which his engine generated, was comfortable without being cosy.

Far away on the eastern horizon he saw a great cloud. It was a detached and imperial cumulus, a great frothy pyramid that sailed in majestic splendour. Tam judged it to be a mile across at its base, and calculated its height from its broad base to its feathery, spirelike apex at another mile.

"There's an awful lot of room in ye," he thought.

It was moving slowly toward him, and would pass him at such a level that, did he explore it, he would enter half-way between its airy foundation and its peak.

He signalled with his wireless, "Am going to explore cloud," and sent his Morane climbing.

He reached the misty outskirts of the mass, and began its encirclement, drawing a little nearer to its centre with every circuit. Now he was in a white fog, which afforded him only an occasional glimpse of the earth. The fog grew thicker and darker, and he returned again to the outer edge, because there would be no danger in the centre. Gently he declined his elevator, and sank to a lower level. Then, suddenly, beneath him, a short shape loomed through the mist, and vanished in a flash. Tam had a tray of bombs under the fusilage—something in destructive quality between a Mills grenade and a three-inch shell.

He waited.

Presently—swish! They w... the opposite direction to ... meant that the object pass... rate of 140 miles an hour. ... seen the German coming ... dropped from the fusilage, ... rending crash of an explo... dropped a little, swerved to ... was out in clear daylight in ...

Back he streaked to the B... wireless working frantically. ... "Enemy raiding squadr... take the edge a quarter up ...

He received the ackno... brought his machine roun... lordly bulk of the cumulus. ...

Then the British "archies" ... good work.

Shrapnel and high explo... storm about the cloud. ... saw fifty stabbing pencils ... ing from fifty A.A. guns. ... piece of anti-aircraft artill... upon the fleecy mass.

As Tam circled he saw ... ing swiftly from the direct... drome, and knew that the ... ron, full of fury, was on ... had come to be a tradition ... that Tam had the right of ... tacks, and it was a right ... especially jealous. Now, ... cloud disgorging its shad... gave a glance at his Lewis ... straight for his enemies. ... the fusilage, and ricochet... Another ripped a hole in t... wing. He looked up. H... and evidently a fighting ma... been hidden in the upper ... cloud, was a stiffly-built ... "Now, lassie!" said T... dived.

LIEUT. LASKY'S ...

Something flashed past his ... machine rocked like a ship ... flattened out and climbed ... going now, and one of ... slipped to its doom. The B... had ceased fire, and the fi... machine and machine, for t... now in position. Tam saw ... glimpsed the flaming wrec... machine as it fell, then he ... attacked on two sides. B... swifter climber, the faster ... impartially left and right ... was nothing above him after the ... prise. Then something went wr... his engines; they missed, started again, went on—then stopped.

He had turned his head for ... began his glide to earth.

He landed near a road by the ... which a Highland battalion was resti... came to ground without mishap. ... strapped himself and descended fr... fusilage slowly, stripped off his glo... walked to where the interested ... were watching him.

"Where are ye goin'?" he as... Tam's besetting vice was an unque... curiosity.

"To the trenches afore Mass... the man he addressed.

"Ye'll no' be calling me ... Tam, "I'm a sergeant. How long ... stay in the trenches up yonde...

"Four days, sergeant," said ...

"Four days—good Lord!" gasped ... "I wouldna dae that work for ... pounds a week."

"It's not so bad," said ... voices.

"It's verra, verra dangerous," sa... shaking his head. "I'm thankful ... a sodjer. They tried hard to ... but I said, 'No, laddie, give ...

"Whoo!"

A roar like the rush of an express ... through a junction, and Tam looked ... in alarm. The enemy's heavy shell ... the ground midway between him ... machine and threw up a great col... mud.

"Man," said Tam in alarm, "I ... it was goin' straight for ma wee ma...

"What happened to you, Tam?" ... the wing commander.

Tam cleared his throat.

"Patrollin' by order this morning," ... ma suspicions were aroused by the ... movements o' a bonnie big cloud. To... wi' Tam the Scout was to act. Wit... thocht for his ain personal safety ... gallant laddie brought his machine ... cloud in question, circlin' through it... brageous depths. It was a fine, gay ... Alane in the sky he ventured into t... lions' den. What did he see? The... was a nest o' wee hornets. Slip... bomb, he dashed madly back to the ... air, sendin' his S.O.S. wi... thanks to his——"

He stopped and bit his lip thoughtfully.

"Come, Tam," smiled the ... a lame story for you."

"Oh, ay," said Tam. "I ... richt spirit. How many did ye say?"

"Mr Lasky and Mr Br... wing commander quietly.

"Poor laddies," said T... "Mr Lasky was a bonnie ... to excuse me, Captain Th... no' feelin' verra well the ... a cigar aboot ye that ye w... hae ye."

A British airman testing the gun in a captured German aeroplane.

NEXT WEEK

Mr Edgar Wallace will tell of ... **exploit in bringing down ... man airman, and of his ... counter with another Hun ... von Hausen-Bassermann.**

SECRET LIFE OF COUNT DE BORCH.

CRIMINAL AND SPY—AMAZING REVELATIONS.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

LITTLE oil still appears to be required in the creaking machinery which combines to synchronise the action of the Home Office, the War Office, and Scotland Yard, against spies or those who harbour their associates. That the process is a slow and unsatisfactory one has just been amply illustrated.

The evidence given by the Metropolitan police in the case of Lieutenant Malcolm charged with the shooting of his wife's lover has aroused on all hands a distinct feeling of dissatisfaction. The Scotland Yard witnesses disclosed before the Court a curiously unsatisfactory state of affairs. The murdered man was a mysterious Russian Jew whose real name he himself "believed" to be Anthony Baumberg, and who was a man of such notoriously evil reputation that it is astonishing that he should have been allowed to remain at large to associate with spies, and to prey upon society, as was, no doubt, his habit.

The duty of the police is to protect the public, yet they admitted at the inquest that they allowed this scoundrel—for he was nothing less—to pursue his evil deeds, although as far back as March 13th last before he formed acquaintance with Mrs Malcolm—in consequence of serious and important complaints, he was called to Scotland Yard and there questioned. His record, as presented in evidence are certainly amazing.

The fellow, when faced by officers of the Special Branch, admitted that he had no right whatever to the name of "Borch," as he was known to Mrs Malcolm, and that he believed himself to be the natural son of a man named Baumberg. He denied having ever called himself a "Count," yet he had allowed some people to call him by that title, and to prefix it by that mark of French nobility "de." "It was, I suppose, a little kind of vanity on my part," this precious rascal admitted airily. He then went on to confess to his interrogators how he had met a certain woman who was "interested in international affairs," a person who called herself the Baroness von Werneberg. He did not know, he said, nor had he been told, that the woman in question was a German spy. "Gradually I got more and more friendly with her, and then we went over to Bournemouth together," he declared.

Why Was He at Large?

Now we may be forgiven if we wonder that the police, having ascertained these important facts, allowed such a fellow to be at large, more especially if they knew that woman Anna Meyer, alias the Baroness von Werneberg," was a spy who had been allowed to cross to France, where she had been arrested and paid the penalty. From Baumberg's own admission he had associated with this attractive female agent in Berlin at five different addresses, therefore one may well express doubts whether the woman in question, while upon our shores, had ever been discovered by our authorities as an enemy agent. There is no evidence to that effect. If she had been, then why was she allowed to escape to Spain? Why were not both she and her Italian companion arrested under the Defence of the Realm Act? The general impression is that this mysterious "nobleman" who seems to have been a spy himself should have been either interned or shot.

There was a youngish man, with some pretension to good looks, well set-up, with the count's coronets embroidered upon his expensive underwear; a man without any trace of intellectual distinction, and not only a libertine, but steeped in crime which vice itself holds infamous, a purveyor for the white slave traffic, under which guise he was the helpmeet of spies, known to the authorities as such, and yet allowed to mix freely in respectable society, lunch and dine at the most popular restaurants in London, and continue to call himself the "Count de Borch!" This criminal might have been arrested on several charges—as a bogus nobleman, as a white slave dealer, or as an associate of spies. But no! That complicated official machinery which deals with such matters when out of joint, it creaked, and thus he was allowed to go gaily upon his wicked way.

Why? Can it be that there is some lack of cohesion between the Intelligence Department, Scotland Yard, and the Home Office, a deficiency whose mandate is necessary before the arrest of that character can be made?

Screw Loose Somewhere.

I do not wish for one moment to reflect in the slightest upon my friend of many years, Superintendent P. Quin, the head of the Special Branch, for I know him to be one of the most able, astute, and distinguished police officers in Europe. My criticism, here expressed, is solely against the complex system which can allow in this country of our national existence such persons as this mysterious rogue, who traded upon his name and associated with a known spy—if not with other spies without a doubt—to come and thither about the country, practically unheeded. Surely such a man does incalculable harm! That there is something very lax in the system is here clearly proved. Indeed, one is utterly amazed at the fact that Lieutenant Malcolm, in order to gain admittance to the Count's room in Porchester Place, gave the name of my friend, Mr Quin, of Scotland Yard.

In the interest of readers of "The Post Sunday Special," I sought a certain foreign police functionary of international fame, whom I have known for some years as engaged in the section of contra-espionage, and whom I have accompanied more than once upon his investigations in unravelling strange mysteries of crime. He happens to be at present in England, engaged in the work of combating German espionage.

A Clever Criminal.

My dark eyed friend, who wears upon his finger a fine diamond presented to him by the ex-Czar, laughed, elevated his shoulders, and replied to my question:—

"Of course, we know Anton Baumberg quite well. His dossier—and quite an interesting one it is—is at the Surete. He was a Lithuanian Jew, son of a shoemaker. I had the details here with me only the other day. How I wish I could show them to you. He was a clever criminal who lived by his wits. He came to London as a humble clerk, and speaking several languages fluently, became engaged by a commercial house who, of course, knew nothing of his antecedents. He was sent to Germany upon legitimate business just before the war.

"Until then he seems to have had nothing to do with espionage. In Germany, however, he met a certain Grand Duke who also held a high position at the Russian Imperial Court, and who at the same time acted as the Kaiser's agent there.

"By him Baumberg was, no doubt, induced to act as a friend of German agents in England, and paid for his services. We know that as soon as he returned to London he made mysterious visits to Glasgow, Liverpool, and Harwich. The facts of these journeys, and the names of persons whom he visited there are all recorded in his dossier. In England, unfortunately, nobody ever seems to be suspected until he is discovered guilty. We view spies differently," he said with a smile. "And generally we find ourselves on the right track."

"Was Baumberg really a spy?" I asked. "Tell me frankly."

"He was just as guilty as his friend Anna Meyer," was my friend's response. "The pair had a pleasant time together in England, but we laid a trap for the woman and, to her cost, she fell into it. If we could have placed our hands upon the individual who was enjoying such an excellent success with a dozen other women in London at the same time, he would have paid the same penalty—and your British public would have been spared an affaire,'" he laughed grimly.

"I suppose he came to Paris, and that is how the Surete picked him up?" I inquired of my friend.

"All malefactors of his type go to Paris, sooner or later," said my friend. "He was at the Grand Hotel early in 1914, and was there noted as a suspicious character, being without any honest occupation, or ostensible means of living. Yet he lunched at the best restaurants, dined with some lady friend every evening, and always possessed money. Women—over whom he seemed to exercise an amazing and mysterious influence, just as in the past some other well-known criminals have done—appeared always eager and ready to furnish him with the necessary funds." And again the police official elevated his shoulder and smiled.

Secret Agent for Many Years.

That same evening, being still consumed by curiosity regarding this scoundrel whom the authorities had allowed such full liberty, I strolled in the darkness up a certain side-street off Tottenham Court Road, the centre of one of London's foreign quarters.

I paused at last at an obscure shop, where the windows were well darkened, but from within cheerful voices could be heard. The place was quite unsuspicious, and the passer-by would never dream of anything out of the way. Foreign colonies have always existed in the vortex of London life—and they always will.

Within the shop several tables were set, covered by half-dirty tablecloths with many ragged holes, and at them were seated about fifteen men and women, leisurely taking their evening meal.

It was one of the corners of what may be described as underground London. The proprietor, an old acquaintance of mine, rose instantly as I entered, and exclaimed—

"Ah, my dear friend! How unexpected! What a long time since you were here! Welcome, welcome! Come upstairs to my room."

Then, turning to the three foreigners who, with big serviettes tucked into their collars had been eating with him, he apologised that he had to entertain his old friend "Mr Johnson," as he called me, and conducted me up the stairs to his own little sitting-room. Then his manner instantly changed.

"Well," he asked anxiously, "is there more trouble for me, Mr Le Queux? I have had enough in these black days."

"My dear friend, there is no trouble," I laughed. "I know you are a good, true Briton, though you hadn't the good fortune to be born here," I whispered. "Here you keep the honey for the flies, eh?"

He laughed deeply and heartily.

"Yes. I can tell you lots. Things are happening daily, my dear friend. Lots of things I hear down below."

"Well," I said, "I have come to ascertain what you know about this fellow, Count de Borch."

"Oh, Antoine! Phew! Why, of course, I have known him since four years—a secret agent, no doubt. I told our friend G—— of him a year ago. J—— (the foreign police official to whom I have referred above) was here three months ago making inquiries, and I told him. Antoine used to come here very often. He was frequently with S—— and T——. Both have been arrested and deported, I believe." And he mentioned the names of two men who had been discovered to be spies. "But oh, Mr Le Queux, I have to be so careful, you know," he went on, "so terribly careful! Our old friend W—— (an ex-detective of Scotland Yard) was here yesterday. We had coffee together, and we were wondering where you were."

"Now, Henri," I asked confidentially, "tell me frankly. What is your opinion of this so-called Count?"

"The Count!" he exclaimed. "Bah! They should have arrested him long ago. He was a bad fellow, a spy, and a blackguard. He sometimes came here in secret with women — smart, well-dressed ladies who moved in society. Once I heard the scoundrel address his companion as 'Lady Somebody.' Oh! yes. Antoine moved in the smart set, there is no doubt. But in London, in these wild, extravagant, ill-living days, what can you expect?"

His Friends in London.

"Then you think he possessed some friends in London society?"

"Think!" echoed my friend. "I do not think. I know. He knew persons in the best circles. Of two ladies who came here with him I know their names—names which would come as a shock if they were published. I reported this in a certain quarter," he said. "When I read the trial in the papers I wondered how many other well-known women in London were trembling lest their indiscreet letters to the gay 'Count' were published, or produced at the Old Bailey."

"Do you really think there are many such ladies?" I asked eagerly.

"I am sure of it! Only a week before the fellow was shot—and he ought to have been killed long ago—he brought here a certain young society lady who was a war bride not a year ago. She was one of the spy's most intimate friends, and through her, in all probability, he had been able to obtain quite a lot of important information from official quarters, which he duly passed on. Yes," declared my friend. "It all amazes me! Why did not they arrest the 'Count' long ago? Everyone regarded him as a spy. His friends at table, when he came here and had his modest meal—as he did sometimes when unduly hard-up—always viewed him as such."

I drained my little glass of friendliness and went back through the darkness to the Tottenham Court Road, and on to my club, full of grave reflections.

Once again I asked myself by what subtle or secret influence had that "piece of human refuse"—as he was described at the Old Bailey—been allowed to work his evil upon women and prey upon society? Who can answer? Will the mystery ever be elucidated? Whose was the hidden hand who concealed his scandalous misdeeds until that terrible tragedy opened a searchlight upon them?

HUN ADMIRAL'S CONFESSION.

"WE STICK AT NOTHING."

(Specially Contributed.)

A RECENT interview with Admiral Scheer was published in the Leipziger Neuste Nacrichten. "Our U boats will manage it," says the Admiral. "Hindenburg is of the same opinion. We are backing German tenacity against British obstinacy. All honour to British obstinacy; we must take off our hats to it, but when there is so much in the balance we Germans stick at nothing.

"It is true that of late conditions have not been very pleasant for us. But the German nation is used to privations; we are, thank goodness, not so spoilt as the well-nourished Briton. What he has yet to learn we know already. It is my firm belief that the Briton can never stand the hardships that a German will."

A Double-Dealing Chancellor.

The Berliner Tageblatt publishes an attack by Professor Delbruck against Dr Michaelis. It is quite evident that the Professor voices the discontent of the masses with the new Chancellor's policy. Why has Dr Michaelis found it necessary to appoint the Free Committee (asks the paper). The honest truth is that he does not possess the confidence of the Reichstag. How can we otherwise account for the happenings of the last few weeks? Does the Reichstag know what policy the Chancellor is following up? The German nation is certainly absolutely in the dark, and the happenings of the last few weeks have not enlightened them.

Professor Delbruck goes on to say that the Chancellor may be seeking peace, but, if so, he is seeking it on the wrong track. Were he in favour of the peace policy he should not fight shy of the conflict with the pan-German party, who want the war to continue. It is high time to make a bid for the sympathy of the world. This great opportunity was offered Dr Michaelis by Mr Asquith when he demanded in the House of Commons "whether Germany was prepared to evacuate and indemnify Belgium and to give her not only the appearance of freedom, but absolute and full independence." But the Chancellor remained dumb to that question as to all others. The present opinion abroad is that the Reichstag is powerless, and that the Chancellor is given to double-dealing.

"The Town Crier."

In many towns in Germany the old fashion of a "town crier" has been revived. This man rings his bell and shouts the news, or also (and this of greater importance to the hungry Deutchers) when a sale of foodstuffs is to take place at any particular store in town. This is done to save space in the advertisement columns of the newspapers.

SECRET LIFE OF COUNT—Continued.

HAIG READY TO STRIKE A NEW BLOW.

THE NEW CRISIS IN RUSSIA—MISGIVINGS ABOUT KERENSKY'S POSITION

By GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

EVERYTHING else that has happened this week has been dwarfed into insignificance by the news which has reached us from Petrograd of the new crisis which has arisen in Russian affairs. Public attention has been concentrated to such an extent on the struggles between M. Kerensky and General Korniloff that events in the West and on the Italian front have hardly attracted any notice whatever.

In point of fact there has been very little to notice. The Italian offensive continues, and at length General Cadorna has been able to announce the occupation of the crest of St Gabriele. The mountain and ridge appear to have been won, lost, and won again before our Italian Allies were able to consolidate the position and make their possession a permanent one.

General Cadorna is meeting with increasing resistance from the Austrians, and there can be no doubt that this stiffening of the defence is directly attributable to the anarchy prevailing in Russia.

On the Western front the mixed character of the weather has delayed the drying up of the ground, and deferred, in consequence, Sir Douglas Haig's preparations for resuming the offensive in Flanders, but there are signs of a quickening of activity. The guns are speaking again with no uncertain voice, and at any moment we may hear that the armies are at death-grips once again.

It is a sure instinct which regards the events in Russia as carrying with them momentous consequences for the Allied cause. The latest news suggests that the counter revolution is petering out. If we may treat the reports that come to us from Petrograd General Korniloff's forces are falling away from him. The Generalissimo, himself, still holds out, and it may be that Alexeieff's visit to main headquarters is concerned with efforts at mediation. Everyone will hope that it is so. Such private advices as are available suggest that much of what has been happening during the last few days has been the result of a deplorable misunderstanding.

A short time ago there seemed a really excellent prospect that M. Kerensky would come into line with General Korniloff, and with the cossack and conservative elements in Russia. He might have retained the premiership, for his most bitter enemies hardly suggest that General Korniloff has been animated in what he has done by motives of personal ambition. It is policy rather than men that matters in Russia, and everyone must view with some misgiving the evidences which emerge that M. Kerensky is being driven into the camp of the Soviet.

Kerensky and the Soviet.

Whatever may be the ultimate result of the upheaval, it must be manifest to everyone that this new crisis in the East must tend still further to retard our Ally's recovery.

The hope was that M. Kerensky and General Korniloff would be able to work amicably together. The policy they were individually pursuing differed only in degree. The Prime Minister showed a disposition to temporise with the extreme elements, and endeavoured to put off the Generalissimo with half measures.

General Korniloff's belief always was that discipline could only be restored to the Russian Armies by the establishment of something in the nature of a military dictatorship.

In this it would appear that most of the generals were with him. This much is to be gathered from the fact that M. Kerensky experienced much difficulty in finding a successor to General Korniloff in the post of Commander-in-Chief.

The struggle at Petrograd, in short, has really been one between General Korniloff and the Soviet, into whose arms M. Kerensky has been driven by the pressure of events. And the Soviet is the body which, through the Soldiers' Committees which it represents, has been responsible in some degree for the break up of discipline in the army.

Dangers of a Separate Peace.

But the question which most concerns the Allies is the effect all this must produce on the fortunes of the great war. The worst that could happen, of course, would be the conclusion by Russia of a separate peace with the enemy. On first reflections such a consequence may not seem very probable. For both factions in Russia have protested their determination to observe their honourable obligations to the Allies, and to continue the war. But the force of circumstances might conceivably drive Russia into the conclusion of a separate peace.

The effect would be greatly to strengthen the position of the Central Empires in the Western theatre of war and on the Italian front. It is true that for many months past Germany has found it necessary to maintain only second-class troops on the Eastern front. But these troops would be invaluable for work on her lines of communication in the West, and would relieve men for work in the trenches.

The conclusion by Russia of a separate peace would tend, in short, to neutralise next spring the effect of America's entrance into the war. We must hope, therefore, that no such consequences as this may follow, but that the crisis in Russia may be speedily and decisively cleared up, so that time may be afforded to the Government at Petrograd to reorganise the armies in preparation for an offensive next year.

There are suggestions that if the need arises Japan would be quite prepared to send a strong army to the Eastern front to give assistance to the Russian Government. There have even been rumours of the massing of troops in Manchuria in preparation for such an eventuality.

Russia hitherto has been reluctant to accept tenders of assistance from this quarter. There was similar hesitancy in London and Paris when proposals were mooted for the despatch of a Japanese Expeditionary Force to France in the earlier days of the war. In that case the problem of transport had to be seriously examined, but the difficulties in this particular are less conspicuous in the plan for sending Japanese troops to the East than in the scheme for sending them to the West.

Germany's Man-Power.

There is one aspect of the existing situation which has hardly received the attention which it deserves. Observant people are noticing that Germany is extraordinarily slow to take advantage of the opportunity that presents itself of striking a staggering blow against Russia whilst our Eastern Ally is still rent in twain by internal discord.

The probable explanation of this is that Von Hindenburg's available man-power has been reduced to such an extent by the fighting in the West that he is in no position to undertake any ambitious adventures into the heart of Russia.

No doubt Germany's losses in the war have been greatly exaggerated in some quarters. Much has been made of the phrase, "Over a million war widows," which has crept into the Berlin newspapers during the last few weeks. It is quite possible that the phrase is entirely justified. But it is altogether wrong to base on this elaborate calculations of the enemy's total losses, worked out on the proportion of married to single men known to be in the German Army at the beginning of the war.

It is exceedingly improbable that this proportion remains the same to-day as three years ago. The proportion of married men has probably increased very largely, and despite the fact that a large number of young lads have been recruited.

Our own experience in this respect is almost certainly the same as the German experience. The war has sent up the marriage rate to an extraordinary extent. The social causes of this need not be examined here, though they are of a kind which must produce a very serious problem for statesmen when the war is over. It is rather rash to assume, however, that the existence of "Over a million war widows" in Germany postulates more than twice that number of Germany military dead.

Nevertheless, it is patent that the drain of the war on Germany's available man-power begins to be felt with much severity, and the fact is of the utmost importance if it gives Russia breathing time to recover from the sickness which assails her. And, despite the comparative lull occasioned by the weather, the rate of mortality on the Western front continues to go on at a speed far greater than is commonly supposed.

The Winter Outlook.

The Russian debacle is not regarded as disposing of the probability that Germany will make a desperate effort to secure peace before the end of the year. Much will depend on the speed with which the Russian crisis is settled; but the Kaiser will probably consider the moment exceedingly opportune for a fresh effort to secure an inconclusive peace.

But if this is his attitude the prospects of anything resulting from the negotiations he may set on foot are exceedingly remote. All the indications are that we must set ourselves to face the rigours of another winter campaign. The strain will be a severe one, especially if the public insist on going through once more that process of national self-analysis, which imposes on the public morale a far greater strain than actual military defeat.

Nevertheless, the general economic position continues not unsatisfactory when it is remembered that we have experienced more than three years of devastating war, which has made unexampled demands both on our finance and on our man-power. And if the Germans are really hoping to end the war by their submarines the winter months should go a long way to destroy this pleasing illusion.

So far as our food supplies are concerned we can look forward to the future with relative confidence. There may need to be compulsory rationing in other things than sugar, but it is satisfactory to learn that the storms we experienced in August have not caused nearly so much havoc as was at one time feared. Thanks in some measure to the efforts of allotment-holders, there promises to be not merely a sufficiency, but ample supplies of potatoes, the grain harvest is good, the supplies of live stock have been maintained at a satisfactory level, and even the talk about a shortage of tea is wholly lacking in foundation. As a precautionary measure the Government is commandeering supplies in India and Ceylon, and since tea does not take up much space on shipboard there will be no difficulty in providing all that is required for consumption.

Fischer is Called on to Answer Some Awkward Questions.

The Girl From New York

A Tale of the Secret Service

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The Beginning of the Story.

Pamela Van Teyl, a beautiful American girl, is believed by

Oscar Fischer, an American millionaire of German origin, to be in possession of the stolen formula of a wonderful new explosive.

Nikasti, a Japanese, wants the formula for Japan, but

John Lutchester, a languid Englishman, whose sole interest appears to be sport, intervenes on Pamela's behalf when she is hard pressed by Fisher and the Jap.

Fischer believes that he has secured the formula, and that it is now in Germany. Nikasti is given a letter from the Kaiser, urging the Emperor of Japan to desert the Allies and attack America.

Lutchester succeeds in reading the letter. He tells the Jap that this is but a trick of Germany's, and says he will bring him evidence that will prove Germany's duplicity.

Fischer gambles heavily in Anglo-French shares after receiving private advice respecting Germany's "victory" at Jutland. He induces Pamela to dine with him in a New York restaurant, and while they are discussing the British Admiralty report of the battle in the North Sea, Lutchester enters the restaurant with a French singer named Sonia. Afterwards, in Sonia's sitting-room, Lutchester warns the Frenchwoman that she is running grave danger of being arrested as a spy.

"Would you care to be branded as a spy?—you, a daughter of France?" Lutchester asks.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

SONIA struck at Lutchester. Her lace sleeves had fallen back, and her white arm, with its little clenched fist, flashed through the twilight, aimlessly yet passionately.

"You dare to call me a spy! You, John?" she shrieked. "But it is horrible."

"It is espionage," he told her gravely, "to bring a letter from any person in a friendly capital and deliver it to an enemy. That is what you have done, Sonia, many times since the beginning of the war, so far without detection. It is because you are Sonia that I have come to save you from doing it again."

She groped her way back to the couch. She threw herself upon it with her back towards him, her head buried in her hands.

"The letters are only between friends," she faltered. "They have nothing to do with the war."

"You may have believed that," Lutchester replied gently, "but it is not true. You have been made the bearer of confidential communications from the Austrian Embassy here to certain people in Paris whom we will not name. I have pledged my word, Sonia, that this shall cease."

She sprang to her feet. All the feline joy of her languorous ease seemed to have departed. She was quivering and nervous. She stood over her writing-table.

"A despatch form!" she exclaimed. "Quick! I will not see Maurice again. Oh, how I have suffered! This shall end it. See, I have written 'Goodbye!' He will understand. If he comes, I will not see him. Ring the bell quickly. There—it is finished!"

A page-boy appeared, and she handed him the telegram. Then she turned a little pathetically to Lutchester.

"Maurice was foolish—very often foolish," she went on unsteadily, "but he has loved me and a woman loves love so much. Now I shall be lonely. And yet, there is a great weight gone from my mind. Always I wondered about those letters. You will be my friend, John? You will not leave me all alone?"

He patted her hand.

"Dear Sonia," he whispered, "solitude is not the worst thing one has to bear these days. Try and remember, won't you, that all the men who might have loved you are fighting for your country, one way or another."

"It is all so sad," she faltered, "and you—you are so stern and changed."

"It is with me only as it is with the whole world," he told her. "To-night, though, you have relieved me of one anxiety."

Her eyes once more were for a moment frightened.

"There was danger for poor little me?"

He nodded.

"It is past," he assured her.

"And it is you who have saved me," she murmured. "Ah, Mr John," she added, as she walked with him to the door, "if ever there comes to me a lover, not for the days only but pour la vie, I hope that he may be an Englishman like you, whom all the world trusts."

He laughed and raised her fingers to his lips.

"Over-faithful, you called us once," he reminded her.

"But that was when I was a child," she said, "and in days like these we are children no longer."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lutchester left Sonia and the Ritz-Carlton a few minutes before midnight, to find a great yellow moon overhead, which seemed to have risen somewhere at the back of Central Park. The broad thoroughfare up which he turned seemed to have developed a new and unfamiliar beauty. The electric lamps shone with a pale and almost unnatural glow. The flashing lights of the automobiles passing up and down were almost whimsically unnecessary. Lutchester walked slowly up Fifth Avenue in the direction of his hotel.

Something—the beauty of the night, perhaps, or some faint aftermath of sentimentality born of Sonia's emotion—tempted him during those few moments to relax. He threw aside his mask and breathed the freer for it. Once more he was a human being, treading the streets of a real city, his feet very much upon the earth, his heart full to the simplest things. All the scheming of the last few days was forgotten, the great issues, the fine yet devious way to be steered amidst the rocks which beset him; even the depression of the calamitous news from the North Sea passed away.

He was a very simple human being, and he was in love. It was all so unpractical, so illusionary, and yet so real. Events, actual happenings—he thrust all thoughts of these away from his mind. What she might be thinking of him at that moment he ignored. He was content to let his thoughts rest upon her, to walk through the moonlit streets, his brain and heart revelling in that subtle facility of the imagination which brought her so easily to his presence. It was such a vividly real Pamela, too, who spoke and walked and moved by his side. His memory failed him nowhere, followed faithfully the kaleidoscopic changes in her face and tone, showed him even that long, grateful, searching glance when their eyes had met in Van Teyl's sitting-room. There had been times when she had shown clearly enough that she was anxious enough to understand, anxious to believe in him. He clung to the memory of these; pushed into the background that faint impression he had had of her at the roof-garden, serene and proud, yet with a faint look of something like pain in her startled eyes. . . .

A large limousine passed him slowly, crawling up Fifth Avenue. Lutchester, with all his gifts of observation dormant, took no notice of its occupant, who leaned forward, raised the speaking-tube to his lips, and talked for a moment to his chauffeur. The car glided round a side street and came to a standstill against the curb. Its solitary passenger stepped quietly out and entered a restaurant. The chauffeur backed the car a little, slipped from his place, and followed Lutchester.

By chance the little throng of people here became thicker for a few moments and then ceased. Lutchester drew a little sigh of relief as he saw before him almost an empty pavement. Then, just as he was relapsing once more into thought, some part of his subconscious instinct suddenly leaped into warning life. Without any actual perception of what it might mean, he felt the thrill of imminent danger, connected it with that soft footfall behind him, and swung round in time to seize a deadly uplifted hand which seemed to end in a shimmer of dull steel.

His assailant flung himself upon Lutchester with the lithe ferocity of a cat, clinging to his body, twisting and turning his arm to wrest it free. It was a matter of seconds only before his intended victim, with a fierce backward twist, broke the man's wrist and, wrenching himself free from the knees which clung around him, flung him forcibly against the railings which bordered the pavement.

Lutchester paused for a moment to recover his breath and looked around. A man from the other side of the street was running towards them, but no one else seemed to have noticed the struggle which had begun and finished in less than thirty seconds. The man, who was half-way across the thoroughfare, suddenly stopped short. He shouted a warning to Lutchester, who swung round. His late assailant, who had been lying motionless, had raised himself slightly, with a revolver clenched in the left hand.

Lutchester's spring on one side saved his life, for the bullet passed so close to his cheek that he felt the rush and heat of the air. The man in the centre of the road was busy shouting an alarm vociferously, and other people on both sides of the thoroughfare were running up. Lutchester's eyes now never left the dark, doubled-up figure upon the pavement. His whole body was tense. He was prepared at the slightest movement to spring in upon his would-be murderer. The man's eyes seemed to be burning in his white face. He called out to Lutchester hoarsely—

"Don't move or I shall shoot!"

He looked up and down the street. One of the nearest of the hastening figures was a policeman. He turned the revolver against his own temple and pulled the trigger. . . .

Lutchester and an inspector of police walked slowly back along Fifth Avenue. Behind them, a little crowd was still gathered around the spot from which the body of the dead man had already been removed in an ambulance waggon.

"I really remember nothing," Lutchester told his companion, "until I heard the footsteps behind me, and, turning round, saw the knife. This is simply an impression of mine—that he might have descended from the car which passed me and stopped just round the corner of that street."

"He's a chauffeur right enough," the inspector remarked. "It don't seem to have been a chance job, either. Looks as though he meant doing you in. Got any enemies?"

"None that I know of," Lutchester answered cautiously. "Why, the car's there still," he added, as they reached the corner.

"And no chauffeur," the other muttered.

The inspector searched the car, and drew out a license from the flap pocket. The commissionaire from the restaurant approached them.

"Say, what are you doing with that car?" he demanded.

"Better fetch the gentleman to whom it belongs," the inspector directed.

"What's up, any way?" the man persisted.

"You do as you're told," was the sharp reply.

The commissionaire disappeared. The inspector studied the license which he had just opened.

"What's the name?" Lutchester inquired.

The man hesitated for a moment, then passed it over.

"Oscar Fischer," he said. "Happen to know the name?"

Lutchester's face was immovable. He passed the license back again. They both turned round. Mr Fischer had issued from the restaurant.

"What's wrong?" he asked hastily. "The commissionaire says you want me, Mr Superintendent?"

The inspector produced his pocket-book. "Just want to ask you a few questions about your chauffeur, sir."

Fischer glanced at the driving-seat of the car, as though aware of the man's disappearance for the first time.

"What's become of the fellow?" he inquired.

"Shot himself," the inspector replied, "after a deliberate attempt to murder this gentleman."

Mr Fischer's composure was admirable. There was a touch of gravity mingled with his bewilderment. Nevertheless, he avoided meeting Lutchester's eyes.

"You horrify me!" he exclaimed. "Why, the fellow's only been driving me for a few hours."

"That so?" the inspector remarked, with a grunt. "Got any character with him?"

"As a matter of fact, I did not," Fischer admitted frankly. "I discharged my chauffeur yesterday, at a moment's notice, and this man happened to call just as I was wanting the car out this afternoon. He promised to bring me references to-morrow from Mr Gould and others. I engaged him on that understanding. He told me that his name was Kay—Robert Kay. That is all that I know about him, except that he was an excellent driver. I am exceedingly sorry, Mr Lutchester," he went on, turning towards him, "that this should have happened."

"So you two know one another, eh?" the inspector observed.

"Oh, yes, we know one another!" Lutchester admitted drily.

"I shall have to ask you both for your names and addresses," the official continued. "I think I won't ask you any more questions at present. Seems to me the Magistrate had better take this on."

"I shall be quite at your service," Lutchester promised.

The man made a few more notes, saluted, and took his leave. Fischer and Lutchester remained for a moment upon the pavement.

"It is a dangerous custom," Lutchester remarked, "to take a servant without a reference."

"It will be a warning to me for the remainder of my life," Fischer declared.

"I, too, have learnt something," Lutchester concluded, as he turned away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Fischer, as he waited for Pamela the following afternoon in the sitting-room of her flat on Fifty-Eighth Street, felt that although the practical future of his life might be decided in other places, it was here that its real climax would be reached. Pamela herself was to pronounce sentence upon him.

He was feeling scarcely at his best. An examination in the courthouse, which he had imagined would last only a few minutes, had been protracted throughout the afternoon. The State attorney had asked him a great many questions, some rather awkward ones, and the inquiry itself had been almost grudgingly adjourned for a few hours. And here, in Pamela's sitting-room, the first things which caught his eyes were the headlines of one of the afternoon papers:—

WESTERN MILLIONAIRE ENGAGES THE GIRL HESTE'S MURDERER AS CHAFFEUR!

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE IN FIFTH AVENUE LAST NIGHT.

Fischer pushed the newspaper impatiently away, and, in the act of doing so, the door was opened and Pamela entered. She came towards him with outstretched hand.

"I see you are looking at the account of your misdeeds," she said, as she seated herself behind a tea-tray. "Will you tell me why a cautious man like you engages, without reference, a chauffeur who turns out to be a murderer?"

"For four hours," he complained, "several lawyers and a most inquisitive magistrate have been asking me the same question in a hundred different ways. I engaged the man because I needed a chauffeur badly. He was to have brought his references this morning. I was only trusting him for a matter of a few hours."

"And during these few hours," she observed, "he seems to have developed a most violent antipathy to Mr Lutchester."

"I do not understand the affair at all," Mr Fischer declared, "and, if I may say so, I am a little weary of it. I came here to discuss another matter altogether."

She leaned back in her place.

"What have you come to discuss, Mr Fischer?"

"That depends so much upon you," he replied. "If you give me any encouragement, I can put before you a great proposition. If your prejudices, however, remain as I think they always have been, on the side of Britain, why, then I can do nothing."

"If I counted for anything," Pamela said, "I mean to say, if it mattered to anyone what my attitude was, I would start by admitting that my sympathies are somewhat on the side of the Allies. On the other hand, my sympathies amount to nothing at all compared with my interest in the welfare of the United States. I am perfectly selfish in that respect."

"Then you have an open mind to hear what I have to say," Fischer remarked. "I am glad of it. You encourage me to proceed."

"That is all very well," Pamela said, stirring her tea, "but I cannot help asking once more why you come to me at all? What have I to do with any proposition you may have to make?"

"Just this," he explained. "I have a serious and authentic proposition to make to the American Government. I cannot make it officially—although it comes from the highest of all sources—for the most obvious reasons. It may seem better worth listening to to-day, perhaps, than a week ago, so far as you are concerned. That is because you believed in British invincibility upon the sea. I never did."

"Go on, please," Pamela begged. "I am still waiting to realise my own position in all this."

"I should like," Fischer declared, "my proposition to reach the President through Senator Hastings, and Senator Hastings is your uncle."

"I see," Pamela murmured.

"My offer itself is a very simple one," Fischer continued. "Your secret service is so bad that you probably know nothing of what is happening. Ours, on the other hand, is still marvellously good, and what I am going to tell you is surely the truth. Japan is accumulating great wealth. She is saving her ships and men for one purpose, and one purpose only. Europe could not bribe her highly enough to take a more active part in this war. Her price was one which could not be paid. She demanded a free hand with the United States."

"This," Pamela admitted, "is quite interesting, but it is entirely in the realms of conjecture, is it not?"

"Not wholly," Fischer insisted. "At the proper time I should be prepared to bring you evidence that tentative proposals were made by Japan to both Britain and France, asking what would be their attitude should she provide them with half a million men and undertake transport, if at the conclusion of the war she desired a settlement with the United States. The answer from France and Britain was the same—they could not countenance an inimical attitude towards the States."

"You are bound to admit, then," Pamela remarked, "that Britain played the game here."

"The bribe was not big enough," Fischer replied drily. "Britain would sell her soul, but not for a mess of potage. To proceed, however, Japan has practically kept out of the war. She is enjoying a prosperity never known before, and for every million pounds' worth of munitions she exports to Russia she puts calmly on one side 25 per cent. to accumulate for her own use. At the conclusion of the war she will be in a position she has never occupied before, and, while the rest of the world is still gasping, she will proceed to carry out what has been the dream of her life—the invasion of your Western States."

"I admit that this is plausible," Pamela confessed, "but you are only pointing out a very obvious danger, for which I imagine that we are already fairly well prepared."

"Believe me," Fischer said earnestly, "you are not. It is this fact which makes the whole situation so vital to you. Later on in our negotiations I will show you proof of your danger. Meanwhile, let me proceed to the offer which I am empowered to make, which comes direct from the one person in Germany whose word is unshakable."

Pamela changed her position a little, as though to escape from the sunlight which was finding its way underneath the broad blinds. Her eyes were fixed upon her visitor. She listened intently to every word he had to say. Despite some vague feeling of mistrust, which she acknowledged to herself might well have been prejudice, she found the situation interesting, even stimulating. Her few excursions into the world of high politics had never brought her into such a position as this. She felt both flattered and interested—attracted, too, in some nameless way, by the man's personality, his persistance, his daring, his whole-heartedness. The situation was instinct with interest to her.

"But why make it to me?" she murmured.

"You are to be my delegate," he answered. "Take the substance of what I say to you to your uncle. Try, for your country's sake, to interest him in it. The offer which I make shall save you a vast amount of sacrifice. It shall save your dislocating the industries of the country and sowing the seeds of a disturbing and yet inadequate militarism. I offer you, in short, a German alliance against Japan."

"The value of that offer," Pamela remarked thoughtfully, "would depend rather upon the issue of the present war, wouldn't it?"

Fischer's face darkened. His tone was almost irritable.

"That is already preordained," he said firmly. "You see, I will be quite frank with you. Germany has lost her chance of sweeping and complete victory. The result of the war will be a return to the status quo ante. Yet, believe me, Germany will be strong enough to settle some of the debts she owes, and the debt to Japan is one of these."

"Still, there is the practical question of getting men and ships over from Germany to America," Pamela persisted.

"It is already solved," was the swift reply. "At the proper time I will show you and prove how it can be done. At present, not one word can pass my lips. It is one of the secrets on which the future of Germany depends."

"And the price?" Pamela asked.

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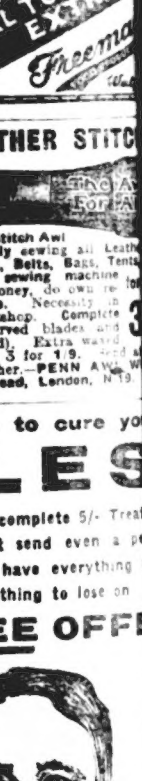

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HE WESTERN LEAGUE.

GOOD GAME AT JOHNSTONE.

JOHNSTONE, 1; ARTHURLIE, 1.

layed at Newton Park, Johnstone. In first two minutes Paton and Co. tried rrigan, but his defence was sound. isted by a strong wind, the Old Humph soon made themselves felt, their attack ing down to a steady bombardment. on shot over with an open goal. Neilage bored his way through, and r shot strong and true, Smith having chance to save his charge. Play veered d in favour of the home men in the nd half. Harrigan being kept busy. nstone were unfortunate not to get the ubt, but the pressure at last told. ulser, by Paton and Jamieer clever footwork by Paton and Jamie- Gettins scored a clever goal. The e side had the better of the exchanges the end. Best for Johnstone, Clark, ter, Paton, and Jamieson; and for rlie, Tait, Richmond, M'Neilage, Livingstone.

LEVEL PEGGING AT PAISLEY.

ABERCORN, 1; VALE OF LEVEN, 1.

t Paisley. Playing with the wind, the n soon made tracks round Abercorn's ave, but that was the most they did in opening half, apart from the solitary which fell to Spiers. Not, of course, their shooting was bad, but that luck not with them, and a good deal of it with M'Leod. The more lively features he game centred in the closing period, gh Abercorn were now the more conous. Yet the Vale showed up splenly, and against the breeze they kept the under fine control. ll the same the Paisley men might have had it not been for M'Dougall having ture 15 minutes from the finish with a cut on his forehead. In the Abercorn nce M'Dougall was again prominent, Watters and R. Black the best fords. Archie Robertson did well in his position. Currie surprised by missing ish in the first half. Sowerby, too, ht have scored when ends were changed, he gave the final effort to Joe Black, the centre half made siccar. he Vale were a finely balanced lot. arrier stood well to them in goal. They well served in their defence lines, ett being excellent at centre half, and two wing men, M'Lean and Spiers, always in evidence. Goal-scorers—rs for the Vale, and Joe Black for rcorn.

TEVENSTON'S SMART WORK.

TEVENSTON UNITED, 3; ALBION ROVERS, 0.

evenston United scored in the first te. It was a well-taken shot, Lambie ng the honour. The game was exciting start to finish, but perhaps the most anding feature was Farrell's goal from enston. It was a brilliant finish to a r piece of play by Hillhouse, Farrell ng the ball on the run, and sending in tling good shot. The form shown by isitors was disappointing, the game very much in favour of United. Speirs d a penalty kick. The third goal was n just before the interval by Howie a pass from Montgomery. The best Stevenson were Farrell, Howie, Lambie, Young; and for Rovers, Galbraith, y, Duncan, and Hudson.

RENTON'S TRIUMPH.

TON, 2; DUMBARTON HARP, 1.

was a rather hard game at Tontine , when the Rentonians defeated the by the odd goal in three. Both sides strongly represented, and right from tart the pace was a hot one. Cooke d a good chance for Renton, shooting when he had nobody to beat but ride, while Semple cleared a cornerwhen Eadon, the Renton keeper, was of his goal. After Eadon had saved Thomson, he was knocked out by tone's shot, and took some time ere me round. Twenty minutes after the Cooke gave Renton the lead with a low shot which glided off the post into net, and five minutes later Johnstone lised. Ritchie missed a penalty for on, and at the interval the pegging level—one up. Six minutes from the Haddow gave Renton the lead follow- a free kick. Best for Renton were on, Riley, Sim, Hanson, Cooke, and e, while the cleverest for Harp were ride, Bone, M'Callum, Meldrum, Johnn, Newman, and M'Millan.

ORSE TROT FOR £50.

re was a large crowd at the Wester Carntyne rse, Glasgow, yesterday, when Mr Beattie ted another £50 open trotting handicap. nts of twenty-four was received, and these played in three heats. Some very close racs witnessed. Baby II., who ran splendidly in was made a sound favourite in the final. ng away to a good start, Maggie L. took d, closely followed by Tommy P. II. and II China Cock, being well in the rear, made ket of lost ground, but Baby II., who ran dily throughout, won by a length from Cock, with two lengths between dividing d and third. Also ran—Mr Pass' Baby II. (60); 2 Mr Bunting's Cock (scratch 145); 3 Miss Traill's Ormond mond (50). Tommy P. II. (180), and Maggie 55). Betting—5 to 2 on Baby II., 6 to 1 t China Cock and George IV., 20 to 1 against e L. Won by a length; two lengths divided d and third. Time—2 min. 31 secs.

SWIMMING GALA AT BUCKHAVEN.

mming gala, under the auspices of the and Buckhaven Clubs, was held at Buck- Buckhaven yesterday. 100 Yards—1 J. Gar- 50 Yards Ladies' Race—1 Cathy Munro, 2 Bella Baird, Leven; 3 H. Staig, Leven. Race (under fourteen)—1 W. Cowie, Leven; Buckhaven; 3 D. M'Kenzie, Buck- Race (under thirteen)—1 P. Sturrock, 2 F. Clark, Buckhaven; 3 J. Dick, Dickie, Leven, and C. Munro, Leven Team Race—1 Leven, 2 Buckhaven. Race—1 J. Gardiner, 2 J. Bissett, 3 J. Leven.

HORSES FOR AYR.

BY THE COLONEL.

A rapid glance over the entries for the forthcoming Ayr meeting satisfies me that a good two days' sport is assured.

The Ayrshire Plate is particularly attractive, and I await the publication of the weights with much interest. I shall be curious to see how such animals as Parrot, Search, Aeroshot, Eagle's Rest, and Schamyl are handicapped, as I shall probably take one of these to supply us with the winner. In the Auchencruive Welter I note Pernis, Kilhadoon, and Royal Bucks as a likely trio. For the Stewards' Plate I shall examine carefully the weights given to Indian Feast, Corydon, and Partition. Buckstaffe, Genius, and Delia are youngsters that catch my eye in the Trial Plate. In the Craigengillan Plate we have Cheecake, Bridge of Weir, and Resilience to keep an eye upon; while in the Doon Plate Mount Lebanon has most to fear from C.P. and Schamyl.

On Monday, in the Ayr Gold Cup, I tick off Pernis, Roubaix, and Tortona as likely ones if weighted anything like favourably. Search, Greek Scholar, and Mountain Park will appeal to me, if not overweighted, in the Corinthian Welter. The Carrick Plate looks good for Quarryman, in whose absence I should probably go for Crosstree or Ardvreck to win. I am looking out for the weights given to Allan Brig, Mintleaf, and Ella in the Land of Burns Nursery. For the Cunninghame Plate I have made a note of South Parade, Fasaig, and Kilbar. Next week, with the weights before me, I shall go nap for a few of the ones I have mentioned above, and feel confident that we shall be able to spot a few good winners for our home meeting.

WINDSOR—Saturday September 22.

Royal Borough Handicap—Search, nap; if absent, Saxon.

Stoke Poges Plate—Blueground, nap; if absent, Matchless.

Merry Wives Nursery—Menu, nap; if absent, Froggie.

Frogmore Welter—Charcoal, nap; if absent, Linen.

Lock Handicap—Rare Ruby, nap; if absent, Green Gravel.

Farnham Plate—Will o' the Wisp, nap; if absent, Liddington.

Nap—Menu.

Double—Menu and Search.

POWDERHALL PEDS.

At Powderhall Grounds yesterday a 75 yards and a mile handicap were run, both events being well filled, with over 150 entrants for the dash and 121 for the mile. Results:—75 Yards Handicap—1 (£5) G. Douglas, Edinburgh (12); 2 (15s) Wimsett, Edinburgh (9½); 3 (5s) Pte. G. Thomson, Edinburgh (12). Betting—6 to 4 on Thomson, 2 to 1 against Douglas, 7 to 2 against R. James, Midcalder (10); 5 to 1 Wimsett, 8 to 1 R. Bernard, Edinburgh (13½). Won by a foot; inches between second and third. Time—8 1-5 secs.

One Mile Handicap—1 (£5) R. Williams, Broxburn (100); 2 (15s) Sergt. R. Grierson, Kinross (75); 3 (5s) J. Drummond, Bowhill (75). Betting—Evens Williams 3 to 1 against Davies, Fauldhouse (75); 5 to 1 against Grierson, 6 to 1 against Drummond, 10 to 1 against others. Won by five yards; inches between second and third. Time—4 min. 30 secs.

TANCY LEE.

After his convincing victories over Louis Ruddick and Joe Brooks, Tancy Lee, Leith, the ex-fly-weight champion, has been selected by Mr Bettison to oppose Charlie Hardcastle (holder) for the feather-weight championship and Lonsdale Belt. The provisional date of the contest is Monday, 22d October.

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast sixteen correct results. There is NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.

The competitor who gives the sixteen correct results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct, the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the sixteen correct results, a Consolation Prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results the Consolation Prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of sixteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, September 22.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion the game will end in a draw, leave the names of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed, the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold good.

Any number of entry forms may be enclosed in the same envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to the competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SEPTEMBER 22.

Burnley	v.	Everton.
Manchester U.	v.	Rochdale.
Oldham A.	v.	Manchester C.
Southport C.	v.	Port Vale.
Leeds City	v.	Bradford C.
Sheffield U.	v.	Rotherham C.
Notts Forest	v.	Sheffield W.
Leicester F.	v.	Huddersfield.
Millwall	v.	West Ham U.
Tottenham H.	v.	Woolwich A.
Clapton Orient	v.	Fulham.
Ayr United	v.	Clyde.
Falkirk	v.	Hearts.
Hibernians	v.	Airdrie.
Motherwell	v.	Kilmarnock.
Queen's Park	v.	Clydebank.

I enter this competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special," 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, September 19.

Football Contest Result—Matches Played Sept. 8.

No one correctly forecasted the results of all the matches in this contest, but six competitors submitted forms showing two errors each, and our consolation prize of £10 is therefore divided amongst them. Their names are:—Wm. Dunn, 6 M'Donald Street, Motherwell; Alex. M'Leish, Provanhall, by Baillieston, Glasgow; John M'Laren, 1 Drysdale's Buildings, Corbiehall, Bo'ness; Mrs Bradford, 52 Broughton Road, Edinburgh; Wm. Campbell, 15 English Street, Shieldmuir, Wishaw; Mr C. Stevenson, 43 Enfield Place, Motherwell.

WHIPPETING.

EXCITING RACE AT COATBRIDGE.

The programme opened yesterday with the final rounds of the previous week's handicap. First Semi-Final—Marshall's Maggie Lauder (23½), Taylor's Pup (31). Second Semi-Final—Adam's Mix Up (22), M'Gowan's Armagh (28). Third Semi-Final—Anderson's Fawn Lad (20), Brown's Saucy Sarah (24). Final—1 Fawn Lad, 2 Saucy Sarah. Betting 6 to 4 the winner, 3 to 1 against the second, 6 to 1 and 10 to 1 the others. A most exciting finish.

Heat results in new £18 handicap:—Shank's Don't Finish (32), Wennan's Run On (29), Allan's Ducky Maid (28), Allan's Wee Danny (25), Stewart's Saucy Sam (18), Doyle's Shady Boy (26), Knox's Cadoran (32), Henry's Seni Cloud (27), Almond's Burn Blend (20), Galloway's Orange Bill (24), M'Mahon's Blue Bell (25), Brown's Saucy Sarah (24). Bushell's Cairnhill Lad (20), Thomson's Black Bird (31), Allan's Black Swan (25), Brown's Prince Albert (31), M'Cormack's Liza (22), Wilson's Rover (24), M'Kenzie's Laughing Mask (21), Coventry's Rambler (29). Made-Up Heats—Lawrie's Wasp (29), Greenhorn's No Name (27).

GLASGOW MEET.

Another lengthy dog-racing card was put on for decision yesterday, before a large attendance. Runners were plentiful, and sport throughout was of a high class. First Semi-Final—Mr Clyde's Beauty (7½) and Mr Bookle's Big Geordie (4½). Second Semi-Final—Mr Dickson's Extravagance (19) and Mr Strain's Useless (12½). Third Semi-Final—Mr Burns' Wee Bobbie (28½) and Mr Wilson's Jack Easy (17). Fourth Semi-Final—Mr Stoddart's Done Again (12½) and Mr Buckley's Cathkin Boy (13½). Final—1 Big Geordie, 2 Beauty and Cathkin Boy (dead heat for second place). Also ran—Extravagance, Wee Bobbie, Jack Easy, Useless, Done Again. Betting—6 to 4 against Big Geordie, 3 to 1 against Cathkin Boy and Beauty, 10 to 1 against others. Won by inches.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

Results:—1 Mr Wallace's (Kinnerswood) Haw Wull (14); 2 Mr Barclay's (Methil) Showman (13½); 3 Mr Hunter's (Rowhill) Minney (17½); 4 Mr Menzies' (Glencraig) Mabel (13½). Betting—2 to 1 against Haw Wull.

EDINBURGH DOGS.

The twenty-eight heats and final of a £10 190 yards handicap was run at Powderhall yesterday. There was an entry of 168. Finalists:—Aitchison's (Standburn) Sunbright (30), Hogg's (Bennyrigg) Carnegie (31), Duncan's (Armadale) Bunty (31), Dodd's (Tranent) Firefly (28), Corbett's (Edinburgh) May (25). Result:—1 (£8) Bunty; others 10s each. Betting—Evens Sunbright, 6 to 4 against Bunty, 5 to 2 Firefly, 10 to 1 Carnegie, 12 to 1 May. Won by half a yard. Time—10⅘ secs.

QUOITING.

Douglas Water and Motherwell met in the Lanarkshire final at Larkhall. Scores:—T. Walkinshaw and J. Mitchell, 25; W. Martin and C. Cobban (Motherwell), 6. J. Davidson and George Sankey, 25; A. Nelson and J. Purdie (Motherwell), 16. D. Murray and T. Graham, 14; R. Wardrop and A. Black (Motherwell), 10. R. Marshall and W. Knox, 25; R. Black and W. Moffat, 13. Totals—Douglas Water, 89; Motherwell, 45.

Willie Watters, Lochgelly, defended his title of Scottish champion yesterday when he met John Durnie, Barrmill, for a £100 stake. First half-game Watters did the counting, and led 32-15. The Ayrshire man struck form, and ran his opponent to one shot, when the score stood 44-43, and at the next end took the lead for the first time. It was a sporting finish, with the champion up nine shots. Watters, 61; Durnie, 52.

£30 match at Larkhall—G. Miller, Netherburn, 61; T. Findlay, Birkenshaw, 40.

£20 match at Kilsyth—R. M'Gregor, Banton, 61. D. M'Callum, Kirkintilloch, 31.

£50 match at Douglas Water—J. Kilpatrick, 61; D. Hamilton, 8.

£20 pitching match—H. M'Kinlay, Larbert, 61; J. Trainer, Cameron, 32.

Bob Wilson, of Polmont, is up against Jock Mushet on the 29th at Paisley. Mushet gets 10 shots in 61, and plays any weight he likes.

£30 Match at Falkirk—D. Heeps, Standrigg, 61; R. Hecops, Rumford, 54.

CHARITY SPORTS AT RENFREW.

Babcock & Wilcox employees held charity sports at Renfrew yesterday. Results:—100 Yards Handicap—1 Anderton, 2 Taylor, 3 Bockhearts. 220 Yards Handicap—1 Belnave, 2 Taylor, 3 Anderton. One Mile Relay—Southworks Inspectors. 75 Yards for Ladies—1 Nan Corbett, 2 Armaude Stembert. High Jump—1 Johnston, 4 ft. 9 in.; 2 M'Coll, 4 ft. 8 in. Long Jump—1 Crawford, 15 ft.; 2 Johnston, 14 ft. 10 in. Tilting the Bucket—1 Miss Thomson and Mr Rodgers, 2 Miss Stembert and Mr Hunter. Beauty Competition—1 Mary Moffat, 2 Armaude Stembert. Cigarette Race—1 Miss Rankin and Mr Armour, 2 Miss Todd and Mr Dunn. Tug-of-War—Buffers Dept. Ladies Five-a-Side—Aisne Works beat North Works, 3-0.

PROMINENT ATHLETES AT KIRKCONNEL.

An athletic gathering, held at Kirkconnel yesterday on behalf of war funds, was productive of splendid sport. Results:—100 Yards—H. Cowan, Glasgow (scratch). Half-Mile—J. Lindsay, Dregborn (scratch). 220 Yards—R. Cox, Darvel (10). One Mile—J. Lindsay (scratch). Quarter-Mile—J. Gordon, Leith (50). Two Miles—J. Lindsay and H. Malcolm (50) equal. The drawings exceeded £21.

ANGLING ON LOCHLEVEN.

Kinross, Saturday Night.

A strong, gusty, south-west wind was against sport to-day.

Mr P. D. Malloch, Perth, fifteen trout, 15 lbs.; Mr Reid, Alloa, nine trout, 10 lbs. 12 ozs.; Sir John Carden, nine trout, 8 lbs. 8 ozs.; Mr Stewart, Dundee, four trout, 4 lbs.; Messrs, J. A. C. Brown and P. C. C. Brown, Alloa, nine trout, 7 lbs. 4 ozs.; "North Ferry," six trout, 7 lbs. 12 ozs; Mr A. G. Cameron, Glasgow, twelve trout, 13 lbs. 8 ozs.; Mr Crighton, Dundee, four trout, 5 lbs.; Lieutenant Evans, R.N., six trout, 6 lbs; Mr M'Kinlay and Mr Simpson, Lochgelly, eight trout, 7 lbs. 5 ozs.; Mr Shoolbred and Mr W. Terris, seven trout, 9 lbs. 2 ozs; Mr W. Annan, Lassodie, nine trout, 9 lbs.; Mr Herd, Kinross, and Mr Rutherford, Blairadam, four trout, 5 lbs. 8 ozs.; Mr Rodger, Kelty, four trout, 5 lbs. 7 ozs.; Sergeant-Major Sey, Kinross, sixteen trout, 15 lbs. 12 ozs.

FETE AT MONIFIETH.

Monifieth, Saturday.

Monifieth Golf Links were to-day the scene of a most interesting and enjoyable fete, organised by the local Links Committee on behalf of War Funds.

The opening ceremony was performed by Lady Baxter, and Mr James Falconer, M.P. for Forfarshire, presided.

In declaring the sale open, Lady Baxter referred to the work which was being done on behalf of discharged soldiers. Mr Barnes, M.P., had met all the soldiers' wants as they had never been met before, and he had shown, personally, the greatest sympathy with the discharged men.

At a Free Gift Sale the articles auctioned included a club used by James Braid at the Monifieth Carnival a week ago, and a pig, which was snowballed, realised £38 15s.

Altogether the Fete was eminently successful.

The total drawings are about £700.

BILLIARDS.

REECE (receives 1000), ... 8203
INMAN, ... 7631

GREAT POPULAR SUCCESS OF HARLENE 'HAIR-DRILL'

ENTHUSIASTIC PRAISE FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE NATIONAL SERVICES.

London Hair Specialist's Offer of Free Public Distribution of 1,000,000 Complete Hair-Growing and Hair-Beautifying Outfits FREE.

OUR Fighting Men on both Land and Sea, Nurses, Munition Workers, as well as practically all our famous Actresses, Queens of Revue, and Cinema Artists, are all full of praise for what has now become the great national toilet practice—"Harlene Hair Drill."

Letters of thanks are pouring in from all parts where the writers express their greatest gratification at the success achieved in the practice of "Hair-Drill."

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to dispatch to any reader a complete 7 days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit free of charge.

This Free Offer is one that no one can afford to miss. If you are a man who suffers from ageing baldness, or if your hair is growing thin, weak, or impoverised, this offer is open to YOU. If you are a woman whose youthful looks are gradually disappearing as a consequence of the hair looking dank, dull, lifeless, and thin, or coming out daily when you use the comb, this Free Offer is also open for YOU to accept.

All readers of this announcement are cordially invited to avail themselves of the generous offer to learn of the most successful method of regaining, restoring, and preserving hair health and hair beauty Free of Charge.

FREE HAIR-HEALTH PARCELS.

Test "Harlene Hair-Drill" free, without any obligation on your part—merely send 4d in stamps to defray cost of carriage, and as soon as His Majesty's Post Office can deliver it you will receive the following valuable Gift:—

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair.
2. A Packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A Copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual.

You can always obtain further supplies of any of these preparations from your local chemist; Harlene at 1s 1½d, 2s 9d, and 4s 9d per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s 1½d per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 2d each); "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s and 2s 6d per bottle. If you have any difficulty any or all of these preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders.

Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

All classes of Society are now regularly practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." Men in both our Navy and Army, abroad and at home, Nurses, Munition Workers—indeed all classes are able to banish the "too old at 30, 40, or 50" appearance. Everyone is to-day invited to accept the Free Gift Offer made in this announcement. Simply send your name and address with the Coupon Form below and you will receive the complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

FREE

FREE "HAIR-DRILL" COUPON

Detach and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24, & 26 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene Hair Drill" Gift Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d in stamps, cost of carriage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above.

Sunday Post, 16/9/17.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

If your Chemist is sold out you can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to The Laboratory, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"The DISEASES that BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The *Marvellous Specific* "Liq-u-fruta" that *never fails* —

—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED
—BLOOD SPITTING —DIFFICULT BREATHING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH —QUINSY —CROUP
—PNEUMONIA —NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS —RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS —CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA —EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from Lung Trouble, and my doctor told me that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and miraculously saved his life.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mr G. Laurder, Great Georges Street, Dublin, has suffered from Pulmonary Consumption, the disease that "LIQUFRUTA" overcomes, exactly as it is successful in Bronchitis, Asthma, Bronchial Catarrh, and Whooping Cough. The story is best told in Mr Laurder's own words:—"I must write about the wonderful medicine 'LIQUFRUTA,' for I have been suffering from Consumption with cavities on the left lung from September, 1916. I went into the Sanatorium in March, 1917. You can tell my state when I say I was reduced in weight to 4 stone 7 lbs. instead of my normal weight, 9 stone 4 lbs. I could not sleep for the awful cough, and my breathing was so bad I collapsed and fainted if I tried to walk. When I was in the Sanatorium I heard about the wonderful medicine 'LIQUFRUTA,' so I bought a bottle to try, with the result it greatly eased my cough and breathing. I then commenced in earnest, and obtained more 'LIQUFRUTA,' and a perfect cure was the result."

As supplied to the Households of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For abroad sufficient to cover postage must be added. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT!

POSSIBLE ACTIVITY IN THE BALTIC.

The Baltic Sea has been the scene of much activity during the war, as shown in the map reproduced, and since the German advance beyond Riga there has been considerable speculation as to what the fleets may be doing. The chiefs of the Russian Baltic Fleet have declared that they are ready to fight to the last, and thus in the event of the German High Seas Fleet tackling the Russian Fleet the general situation may be in part retrieved.

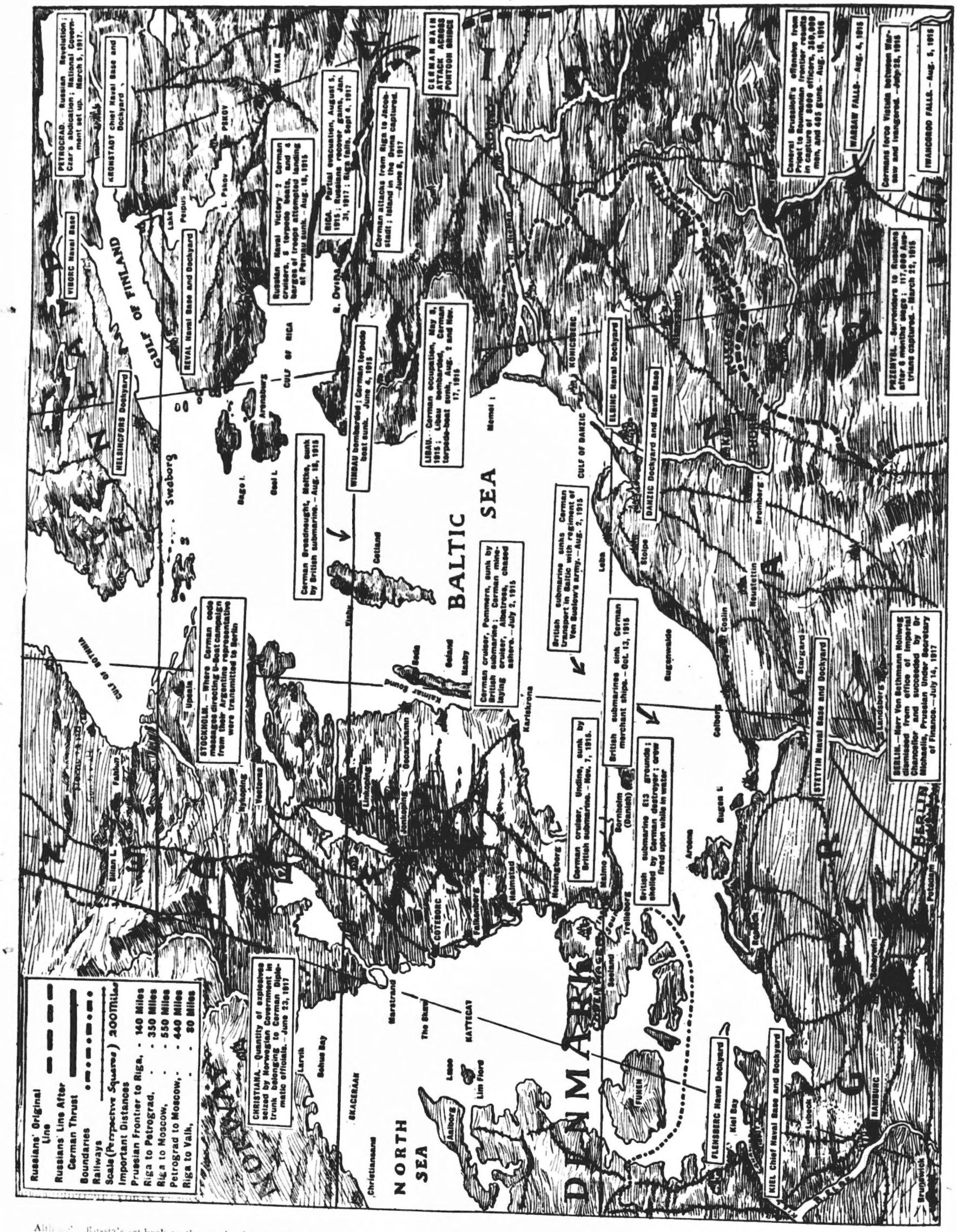
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1917.

HOW THE GERMANS ARE BEING HAMPERED.

The country in which the Germans are now operating is in parts very hilly, swampy, sandy, and marshy; roads are few and bad, and the railways favour defence, provided that the Russians can hold the central junction of Valk. In case, however, of the Germans succeeding in taking Pernau and Reval, the Russian armies might have to abandon the province of Livonia and fall back very considerably.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF BALTIC SEA; SCENE OF FIGHTING BEYOND RIGA.


PETROGRAD. – Russian Revolution; Czar's abdication; National Government set up. – March 5, 1917.
KRONSTADT chief Naval Base and Dockyard
VIBORG Naval Base
HELSINGFORS Dockyard
REVAL Naval Base and Dockyard
GULF OF FINLAND
VALK
PSKOV
L. Pskov
Lake Peipus
Naval Victory – 2 German destroyers sunk, and 6 torpedo boats, and 4 transport troops attempted landing at Pernau sunk. – Aug. 16, 1915
RIGA. Partial evacuation, August 5, 1915; Russians recover Uxkull, Jan. 31, 1917; Riga falls, Sept 4, 1917
German attacks from Riga to Jacobstadt; Island in the Dvina captured. – June 5, 1917
GERMAN MAIN ATTACK ACROSS PONTOON BRIDGE
General Brussiloff's offensive from Pripet to Roumanian frontier results in capture of 8000 officers, 350,000 men, and 405 guns. – Aug. 16, 1916
WARSAW FALLS – Aug. 4, 1915
Germans force Vistula between Warsaw and Ivangorod. – July 28, 1915
IVANGOROD FALLS. – Aug. 5, 1915
Russian Naval Cruisers, 6 Torpedo Boats, and Barges of troops attempted landing at Pernau Bay. – Aug. 16, 1915
S. Dvina
WINDAU bombarded; German torpedo boat sunk. June 4, 1915
LIBAU. – German occupation, May 8, 1915; Libau bombarded, German torpedo-boat sunk, Aug. 2 and Nov. 17, 1915
KONIGSBERG
ELBING Naval Dockyard
DANZIG Dockyard and Naval Base
CULF OF DANZIG
Memel
PRZEMYSL. – Surrenders to Russians after 6 months' siege; 117,000 Austrians captured. – March 22, 1915
BERLIN. – Herr Von Bethmann Hollweg dismissed from office of Imperial Chancellor and succeeded by Dr Michaelis, Prussian Under Secretary of Finance. – July 14, 1917
STETTIN Naval Base and Dockyard
Swedborg
Bage I.
Seal L.
Aronsberg
CULF OF RIGA
STOCKHOLM. – Where German code messages directing U-Boat campaign from their Argentine representative were transmitted to Berlin
German Dreadnought, Moltke, sunk by British submarine. – Aug. 18, 1915
German cruiser, Pommern, sunk by British submarine; German mine-laying cruiser, Albatross, chased ashore. – July 2, 1915
Karlskrona
Oland
Visby
Gotland
BALTIC SEA
British submarine sinks German transport in Baltic with regiment of Von Buelow's army. – Aug. 2, 1915
British submarines sink German merchant ships. – Oct. 13, 1915
German cruiser, Undine, sunk by British submarine. – Nov. 7, 1915.
Rugen I.
Arcona
Stolpe
Leba
Rugenwalde
Neustettin
Bromberg
Stargard
Gollnow
Gollnberg
Landsberg
German cruiser, Undine, British submarine. – Nov.
Bornholm (Danish)
British submarine E13 grounded; crew shelled by German destroyer; crew fired upon while in water
Malmo
Trelleborg
Halmstad
Falkenberg
COTEBORG
Helsingborg
Skelderup
Rostock
Gadebusch
Potsdam
Linkoping
Jonkoping
Vesteras
Hjolmsing
Upsala
Fahlun
Eskilstuna
Billen L.
Mariestad
The Skaw
KATTEGAT
Lesso
Lim fiord
Aalborg
FUNEN
Skagerrak
Larvik
Bohus Bay
Christiansand
NORTH SEA
DENMARK
FLENSBERG Naval Dockyard
Kiel Bay
KIEL Chief Naval Base and Dockyard
Lubeck
HAMBURG
Brunswick
CHRISTIANA. – Quantity of explosives seized by Norwegian Government in trunk belonging to German Diplomatic officials. – June 23, 1917
Russians' Original Line
Russians' Line After German Thrust
Boundaries
Railways
Scale (Perspective Square) 200 Miles
Important Distances
Prussian Frontier to Riga, - 140 Miles
Riga to Petrograd, - 350 Miles
Riga to Moscow, - 550 Miles
Petrograd to Moscow, - 440 Miles
Riga to Valk, - 80 Miles

Although Russia's set-back as the result of losing the important port of Riga was serious, it did not by any means open the road to Petrograd. Some opinions have been to the contrary, but they are not based on sound knowledge of the difficult conditions of the country in which the Germans now find themselves. The Russians have exceedingly strong lines of defence, notably around the Lake of Peipus and the Rivers Narva and Velika, whilst winter conditions will soon place additional obstacles in Germany's path. The map reproduced on this page shows the area in which the Germans are making their advance, and also gives a comprehensive bird's-eye view of the Baltic and surrounding countries and provinces. Important events which have taken place in the Baltic and also on land are indicated, whilst various naval bases are shown.

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